

POLITICAL QUIXOTE;
OR,
ADVENTURES OF THE RENOWNED
DON BLACKIBO DWARFINO,
AND HIS TRUSTY 'SQUIRE,
IN QUEST OF THE PENNY SUBSCRIPTION.

Price 4s. Boards.









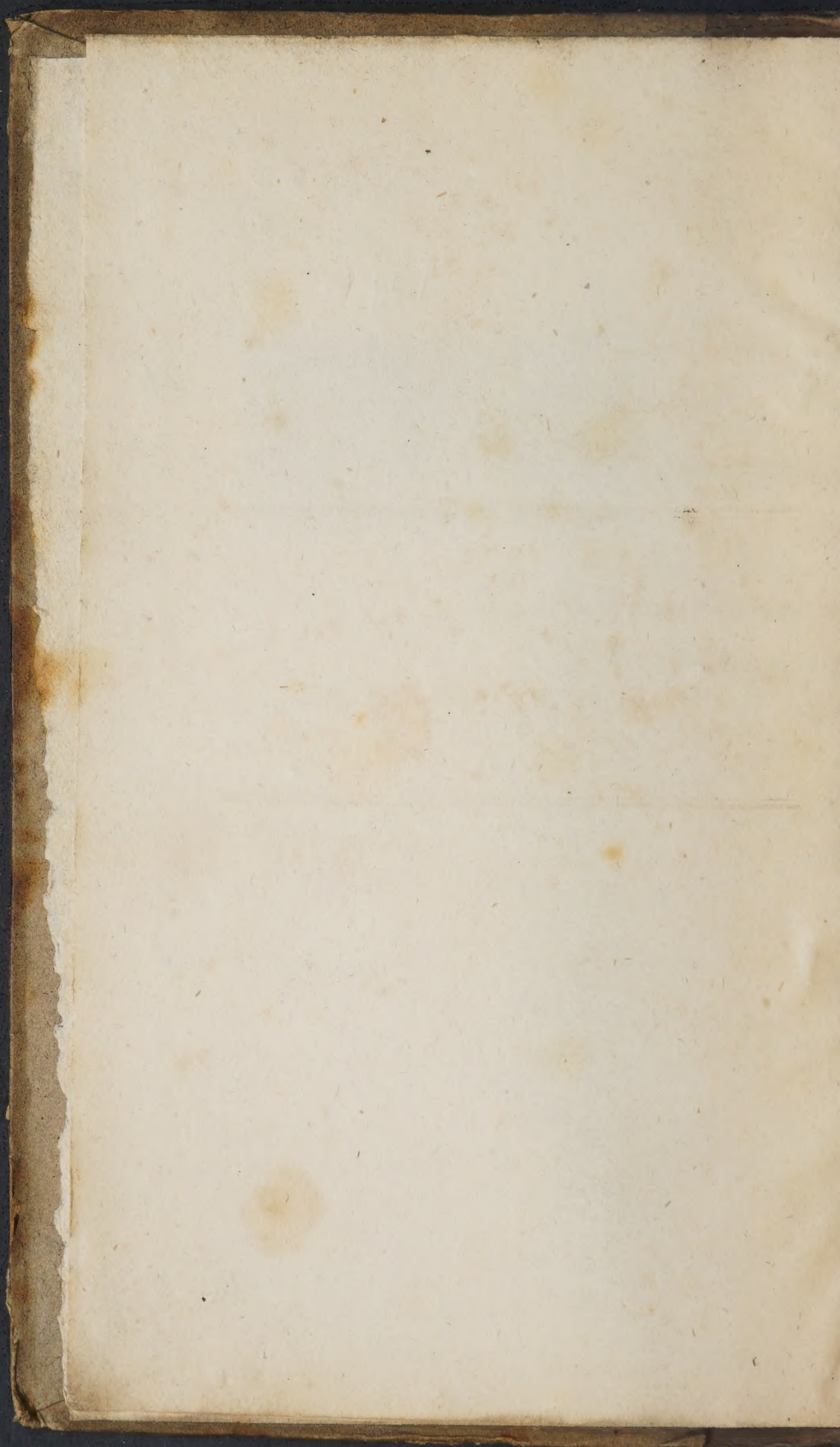
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THE
POLITICAL QUIXOTE.

THE

POLITICAL QUIXOTE

Review

The Political Quirote ;
OR, THE
ADVENTURES OF THE RENOWNED
DON BLACKIBO DWARFINO,
AND
HIS TRUSTY 'SQUIRE, SEDITIONO ;
A Romance,

IN WHICH ARE INTRODUCED MANY POPULAR AND CELEBRATED
POLITICAL CHARACTERS OF THE PRESENT DAY.



The Romance is founded on one of Wooler's *Castles in the Air*, viz.—“ The penny subscription is the lever by which the country must be moved, and moved effectually.”

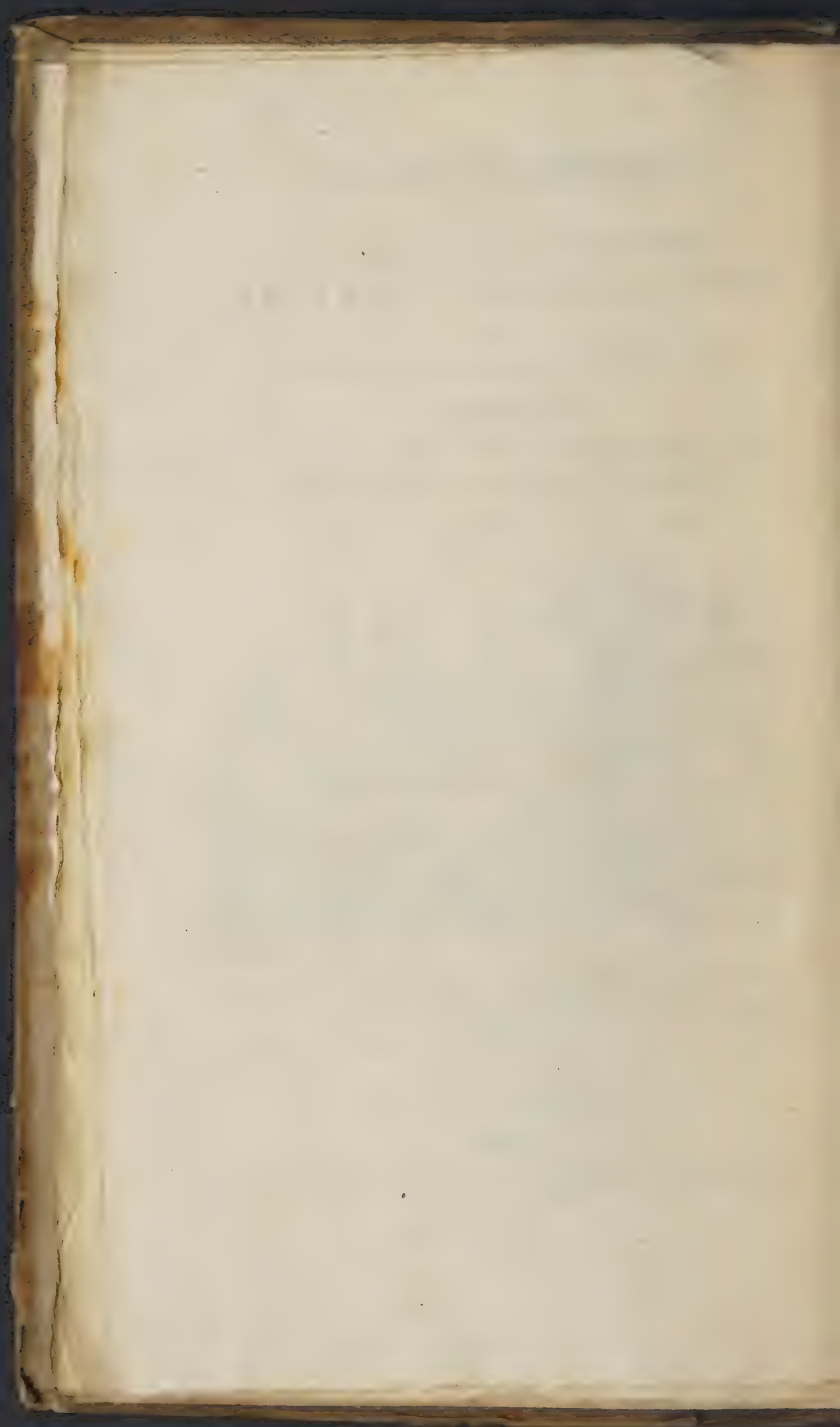
Vide Black Dwarf, March 3, 1819.

“ If all will chronicle their nonsense here,
“ Why may not mine among the rest appear.” Anon.

London :

PUBLISHED BY C. CHAPPLE, BOOKSELLER TO HIS MAJESTY,
66, PALL MALL.

1820.



TO
IMPARTIAL AND UNPREJUDICED READERS,

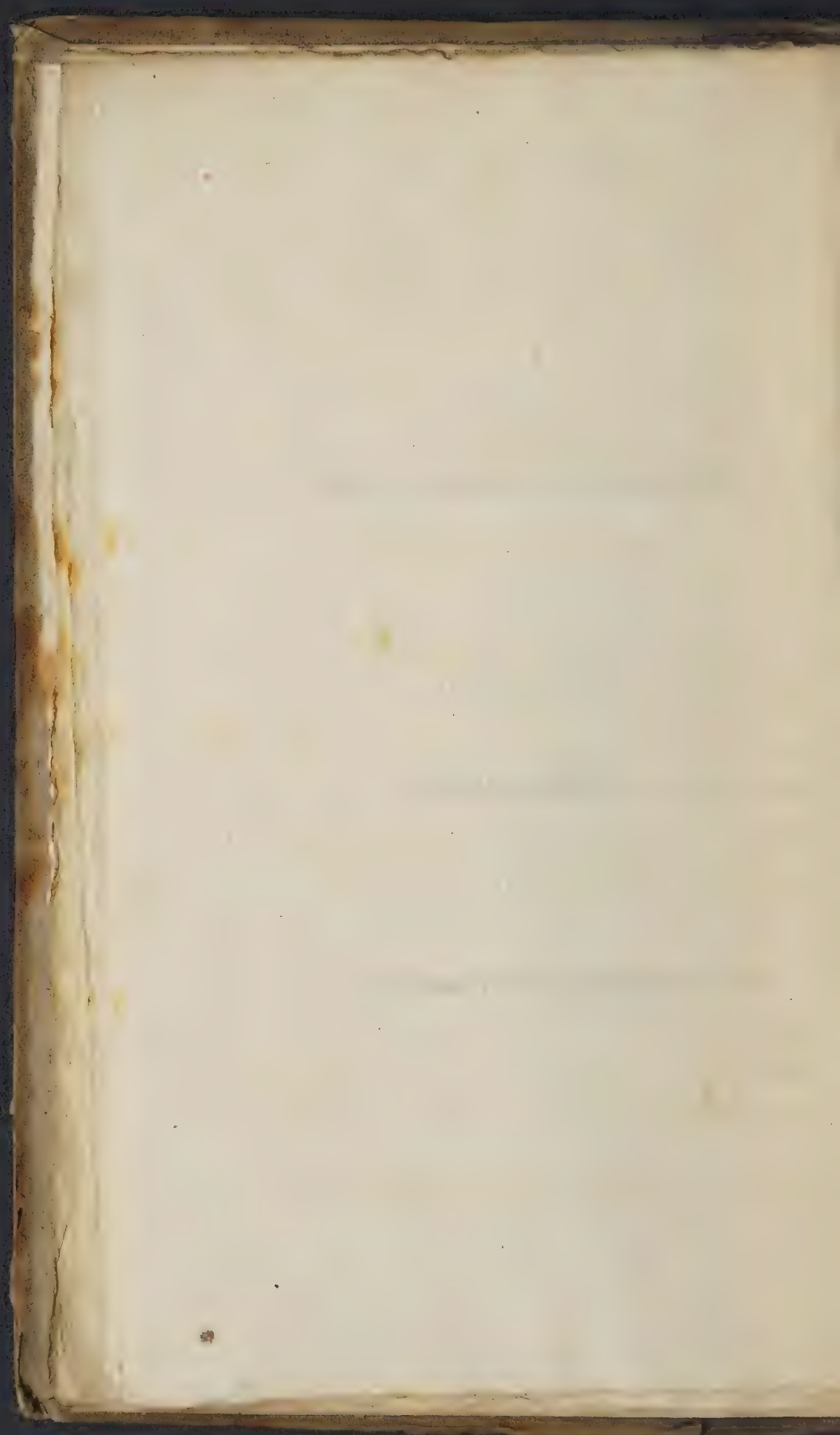
OF

ALL PARTIES,

THIS ROMANCE

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.



Preface.

A PORTION of the Romance of "*The Political Quixote*," has appeared, and been continued by the Author, in several numbers of Mr. Shadgett's Weekly Review of Cobbett, Wooler, &c. since April 24, 1819, under the signatures of Reuben Oto, G. G. X.*

Judge Marshal, in an excellent charge to the Grand Jury of Cheshire, very truly observes, "The country has been long deluged with Publications, suited to the capacities of

* The author's name anagramatized.

the lower orders of the people, and sold at prices which they can easily afford. These Publications are filled with blasphemy and profaneness, are calculated to sap the foundation of every moral and social virtue,—to destroy all the distinctions between right and wrong, and to sow the seeds of disaffection, treason, and rebellion: they are composed with malicious ingenuity to inflame the prejudices, to aggravate the sufferings, real or imaginary, and to sour the tempers of the persons to whom they are addressed. Every temporary pressure, every accidental difficulty or misfortune, although arising from causes that no human prudence, or foresight, could avert or control, are ascribed to the corruption or injustice of the Government.”

Of such tendency are the writings of Paine, Cobbett, Wooler, Sherwin, &c. and to such writings and writers, the satire of “*The Political Quixote*” is principally pointed.

“No reasonable man will deny that the liberty of the press, under proper restrictions, is essential to a free government like ours. But as no government can long remain free, if the press be not reasonably free, neither can any government stand, whatever may be its form, where the press is without restraint. —A free press is necessary to a free government; but the natural tendency of a licentious press, is to destroy all government.”

The Romance is founded upon of Wooler's *Castles in the Air*, which appeared in the *Black Dwarf*, March 3d, 1819. viz :—The appropriation of a Penny Subscription to the purchase of Rotten Boroughs, for himself, Cobbett, Major Cartwright, Orator Hunt, &c.

The author, finding that his performance, as it appeared in the *Weekly Review*, did not want admirers, has been persuaded that a separate publication of “*The Political Quixote*”

would probably be no disagreeable entertainment to a liberal and loyal public; he has, therefore, added the copy which remained in Mr. Shadgett's hands, (when that gentleman discontinued his work, and embarked for Quebec,) which copy concludes the Romance.—

Here follow extracts from Mr. S.'s Farewell Address.

“ No communications have been inserted in The Weekly Review but such as possessed *intrinsic merit*, or were calculated, from their subjects, to *benefit society*.

“ To the Correspondents who have favoured me with their communications I have to tender my best thanks. To *Ruben Oto*, for his diverting and satirical Adventures of the *Black Dwarf*, &c.

“ I am sorry that any circumstances should

have precluded me from availing myself of the conclusion of *their latter pieces*.

“WEEKLY REVIEW, JULY 26, 1819.”

If the author's endeavours to ridicule the dangerous and destructive principles, and the glaring follies, and inconsistencies of seditious and infidel writers, and to excite a good-humoured laugh at their expense, have been executed in this Romance, he will rejoice that his pen has not been guided in vain, and will *rest contented, and happy to rank in the lowest class* of those writers whose good fortune it is to merit the kind regard and reception of the public.

GEORGE BUXTON.

N. B. It may not be considered as an unsingular circumstance that the M.S. for this book was put into the hands of Mr. Chapple, on

Wednesday, the 23d of February, about four hours previous to the apprehension of the Cato-street Conspirators.

London, April, 1820.

THE
Political Quixote.

CHAPTER I.

Our Hero and his trusty 'Squire set out on their Expedition—Adventures at Kensington, Brentford, and Hounslow.

'TWAS in the beginning of spring, in the year 1819, on a lovely morning as ever smiled upon man, that Don Blackibo Dwarfino and his trusty 'Squire, Seditiono, sallied forth on their recently projected expedition—that is to say—their expedition for the purpose of collecting a penny subscription, to be appropriated to the purchasing of seats in the senate-house of *Albiono*, for the noble Don, and for his *all-intellectual* Colleagues, the renowned faction of the Radical Reformers. Seditiono was furnished with a huge folio, for the purpose of entering the names of the penny subscribers: The Don was equipped with a large leathern bag, hanging by a strap over his left shoulder, and resting on his right hip, which gave him the appearance of a pamphlet vender.

Thus equipped, Don Blackibo Dwarfino and Seditiono walked forth, until they arrived at the town of Kensington, when Dwarfino espied a cobbler, working in his stall, and singing, "Liberty-O! and Radical Reform-O!" Our hero accosted *Crispino* with an air of gravity, and solicited his penny for the noble cause. Crispino immediately produced two farthings and a halfpenny, and presented them to the Don, wishing him success in the glorious undertaking—"But pray, Don Blackibo," says Crispino, "what think you may be *my* condition when you have accomplished your purpose?"—"Thy condition, worthy cobbler," replied the Don, "shall be an enviable one, comparing it to what it now is—our system, thou knowest, is to reduce the nation to its pristine state—there shall be no shoes worn, and all thy days shall be holidays."—"O rare!" exclaimed Crispino, "I am heartily glad of that! for truly this cobbling is a most villainous business: huzza! I'll burn my stall: no; I'll first run and acquaint my wife: success to the penny subscription! huzza!"—Away ran the cobbler; and on proceeded our hero and his trusty 'squire. "Well, Seditiono," said the Don, "thou seest we are successful so far."—"True," replied the 'squire, "we have walked upwards of two miles, and have collected one penny."—"Tut, man!" said the Don, "don't sneer at this *one* penny. In an abstract point of view *our* collection, perhaps during *the whole day*, may be reckoned as next to nothing; but when it is considered as a component part of an immense sum about to be collected for the most glorious of purposes, it must be deemed as an acquisition of the highest importance. O, Seditiono! Seditiono! thou art a blockhead, and no financier—I have calculated, man, that by *my* plan a sum of

216,666*l* 13*s.* and 4*d.* may be collected in one year, which is a sum more than sufficient to buy a dozen seats in the senate-honse of Albiono.*—But, pr'ythee, tell me why thou didst smile during my conversation with the worthy cobbler?"—"I smiled," said Seditiono, "to think that the infatuated cobbler could rejoice at his own ruin; for ruin must certainly be his portion when shoes are no longer worn,"—"No matter, no matter, Seditiono," replied the Don, "if it is the caprice of our partizans to pursue shadows, it is our business to *humour their caprice*; for, by so doing, we every day gain proselytes to our cause, and advance nearer and nearer to our wished-for power; and if *we* accomplish our ends, what matters it to us if *our adherents perish*? This, Seditiono, this is the true policy of the all-amiable faction of the Radical Reformers. I therefore conjure thee to divest thyself of that idiot-like look, a *smile*, and to put on a look of gravity during the remainder of our expedition; for, to gain our ends, as we proceed, thou wilt find that hypocrisy must be had recourse to, and deceit must be practised—and what is the companion of hypocrisy and deceit, Seditiono?—why gravity, man, gravity. Don Sterneo has said that 'gravity is an arrant scoundrel; of the most dangerous kind too, because a sly one. In the naked temper, a merry heart discovers there is no danger but to itself, whereas the very essence of gravity is design, and consequently deceit: 'tis a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man is worth,' therefore, I say again, Seditiono, 'assume this virtue if thou hast it not'—here, in my

* See Black Dwarf, March 3, 1819.

bag, thou knowest, I have got a penny, and no doubt my address of gravity may be thanked for it."

Our hero now bent his course towards Brentford; on arriving at which, the Don inquired for the principal carpenter of the town, and was directed to Antonio Chiselo. Dwarfino knocked at the carpenter's door, which was opened by Chiselo himself. The Don, after prefacing his business, solicited Chiselo to urge his journeymen to become contributors, and to become himself a contributor to the Radical Reformer's penny subscription fund—Chiselo was about complying with our hero's solicitation, when *Francesca* (Chiselo's *Cara Sposa*) entered the room, who, on observing Dwarfino's bag, which she supposed to be a pamphlet-bag, exclaimed, "What, more of this infamous trash—more food for mismanagement and misery?—Out upon you, you vagrants!—begone!—leave the house!"—"Peace, good Donna," replied the Don, "be cool, be cool—we come as friends—our plan is to redress your wrongs, and hurl down your oppressors."—"Ay, dear Francesca," said Antonio, "to hurl down our oppressors."—"Our *oppressors*, indeed!" replied Francesca, "Our oppressors are that man's contemptible trash, and the liquids you continually pour down your throat.—Before you took to reading those vile Dwarfs, Antonio, you were orderly and prosperous—you were accustomed to honour your Creator, and to take your family to church; but now those abominable vehicles for sedition and blasphemy, and your ale, are your oracles; and your evenings and the sabbath are spent, with other anarchists, in guzzling, in tumult, and complaint." Then turning upon the Don and his 'Squire, she exclaimed, "Begone, wretches, begone! or there shall

not be a pin's point on those great jolter-heads of yours, that shall not want a plaster to cover it." With that she began to apply her mechanical powers, which consisted not of the lever, the pulley, the inclined plane, the wedge, or the screw, but of a pair of fists and arms of a most amazon-like make, and the poor Don and his 'Squire, slinking under the vengeance of offended Francesca, sneaked quickly out of the house. "Zounds! what a virago!" exclaimed Seditiōno. "This is a disgraceful affair."—"Why truly," cried the Don, "in *that house*, it seems, *power* has crept into the wrong scale—however, Seditiōno, when I am prime minister, there shall be no such abuses—I will enact a *salique law*, and will annihilate petticoat government."

The Don and his 'Squire now marched on, and on arriving at the market-house, they were met by a distinguished personage, called "*The Finisher of the Law*," who, with his principal attendant, had arrived at Brentford on a particular mission. This distinguished personage, knowing the Don, and being acquainted with the motive of his expedition, accosted him with a most courteous salutation—presented a penny—hoped Dwarfino would continue his exertions—thanked him for the services he had already rendered him, and assured the Don that he considered him as the origin of the present *flourishing state of his affairs*. The Don and Seditiōno now proceeded on the western road, until they arrived at Hounslow; at the east end of which, their attention was attracted by a crowd of people, who had assembled to witness the ignominious death of an unfortunate youth, who was about to be executed for having committed murder near the spot. The poor criminal was warning the persons around him against indulging in

the study of blasphemous and seditious writings—"the publications of Carlile," exclaimed the wretched youth, "taught me to despise religion; and Paine's and Cobbett's works, and the Black Dwarf, urged me to disregard all laws, human and divine."—"Tut, tut, man!" exclaimed the Don, "thou art, it seems, unacquainted with the *doctrine of fatality*—thou might'st, with thy gallant spirit, have been born to be a hero, a conqueror of kingdoms, and a founder of republics; but it seems thou wert born to a different fate; and I therefore advise thee not to whine or pine about it, but to die like a high-spirited and courageous Radical." After the Don's audacious remarks, which caused the spectators to shudder, the poor penitent was launched into eternity, and our Duo walked on until they arrived at the George Inn, where they rested for the night.

CHAP. II.

The Don's extraordinary Dream—is elected Mayor of Garratt—excellent Resolutions of the Radicals.

AT sun-rise the Don arose, and called for his trusty Seditio—no—the 'Squire instantly presented himself—"Ah! Seditio—no, Seditio—no, I have had a most propitious dream!" exclaimed Dwarfino;—"Methought that I was hanged, together with my old and worthy colleagues, *Anarchy* and *Confusion*—Oh! it was kick, kick; struggle, struggle; torture, torture; agony, agony; until life was extinguished."—"Indeed!" said Seditio—no, "Awaked you not with this sore agony?"—"No, no;" replied the Don, "my dream was lengthened after life!

' O! then began the pleasure of my soul !

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood

With that grim ferryman which poets write of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night ;'

and there, on its confines, I discovered, wandering, an angel-like form, called *Loyalty*—"Seize him, good *Anarchy*!" I cried—"Seize him, *Confusion*!"—Seize on him *Furies*! take him to your torments!" With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends environed him, and howled in his ears such hideous cries, that with the pleasing sound I laughing waked, and, for a season after, could not believe but I was king of hell."—"Rejoice then, O Seditio—no!—Ah! 'tis a propitious dream! a sure omen of my exaltation!"—"Why, truly,"

replied the 'Squire, "I think so too, most noble Don." I have always heard that to dream of being tucked up, is a sure sign of exaltation—I dare say the poor criminal we saw *exalted* yesterday, had dreamt of it scores of times."

They now recommenced their journey, and crossing the country, marched on until they arrived at the ancient and renowned borough of Garratt, just as the election for a new mayor was about to commence:—the noble Don stepped into the crowd with an air of gravity most sublimely commanding, and, of course, was immediately recognised by this most respectable body of radical reforming electors.* The worshipful companies of the Dustmen, and the Brick-dustmen, proposed him as their candidate—the right honourable companies of the Burglary-men, the Forgery-men, the Swindler-men, and the Petty-Larceny-men, proposed him as their candidate. Dwarfino now mounted the rostrum, and, after a most courteous *congé*, began the following speech:—"Gentlemen, you'll all be starved in a month."†—"Huzza! Huzza!" halloed the electors, "Dwarfino for ever! a Dwarfino! a Dwarfino!"—Our hero continued,— "That is to say, gentlemen, you would be starved were it not for my honourable and indefatigable exertions.—Behold, my amiable friends, behold this bag!—This is not the green bag, gentlemen—this is the leathern bag, to collect the penny subscription; which is to be 'the lever by which the

* It has been customary at Garratt to elect mock mayors, whose qualifications for the post must be idiotism and deformity.

† It is a fact that Gale Jones commenced a speech, some years ago, in Spafelds, with telling his auditors that they would all be starved in a month, when the mob immediately gave him three cheers.

country is to be moved, and moved most effectually.”—Sedition here gave the cue, and the electors shouted “Bravo, Dwarfino! bravo, Dwarfino!—Dwarfino for ever!—Huzza!” And the Don was unanimously elected Mayor of Garratt.

After the Don’s successful election, the following resolutions, which had been previously prepared by the returning officer, were read, and unanimously agreed to:—

1.—*Resolved*—That all men who shall insinuate that the harangues of us Radical Reformers, and the publications of our partizans, are calculated to corrupt the minds of the indigent, the inexperienced, and the uninformed, and to excite them to a disregard of the laws, and of all social order, shall be *sneered at*, and shall be called *Government Sycophants*.

2. ——— That, when at our respectable, and well conducted meetings, we display our ever-to-be-admired patriotic oratory in haranguing the people, and assuring them that we are exerting ourselves *for their happiness*, if any man shall doubt our abilities, or our sincerity, and shall dare to exclaim, “Ye are the only blockheads who *make them miserable*,” that man shall be sent to *Coventry*.

3. ——— That all men, who imagine the experience of his majesty’s ministers can render them fit to judge of what measures may be salutary and advantageous to the nation, and of what measures may not be salutary and advantageous to the nation, shall be called *maniacs*, and shall be sent to *St. Luke’s*.

4. ——— That wisdom, temperance, prudence, justice, candour, benevolence, charity, and every other virtue whatsoever, shall be understood to be properties exclusively at-

tendant on all Radical Reformers; and that Radical Reformers, according to their *liberal opinions*, and their *principles of toleration*, cannot conscientiously allow the aforementioned virtues to be found amongst his majesty's ministers, nor amongst persons who regard our proceedings with the eye of apathy, nor amongst any class of persons whatsoever, who do not league with us (erroneously termed) *levellers* and *men of violence*.

5. ——— That we Radical Reformers would have liberty understood to be the birthright of the people only—not of his majesty's ministers—his majesty's ministers have no right to protect the lovers of peace and good order, against what are falsely called, “The riotous proceedings of Radical Reformers;” nor have they any right to think, speak, walk, sit, love, dislike, smile, frown, eat, drink, sleep, or evacuate, without our particularly noticing such proceedings, and putting such *liberal constructions* upon them as Radical Reformers are in the general habits of doing.

6. ——— That we will never lose sight of the grand object for which we have so long manfully contended—we mean Radical Reform; but as we none of us, at present, can exactly comprehend *what it means*, and as many of our radical reforming, incomparable representatives, do themselves disagree about *what it means*, we shall advise them to come to a right understanding concerning it, and proceed accordingly: in the mean time we recommend all the *represented* Radical Reformers, and likewise all the *non-represented* Radical Reformers, of every city, town, and village, in these realms, to draw up petitions for Radical Reform, and to be particular in having each petition filled with an imposing number of names, which, if they cannot

be got in any other way, may be easily made up, to any amount, with fictitious signatures; and, although these petitions may not prove so effective as we could wish them to be, yet the presenting them to parliament will, at all events, afford our radical reforming representatives, another opportunity of displaying their ever-to-be-admired *incomprehensible* patriotic oratory.

7. ——— That the aforementioned petitions shall strongly urge the ground of universal suffrage, as the nearest road to radical reform; and that the whole of the adult, male and female, population of these realms, as well as all infants, domesticated parrots, magpies, starlings, jays, and jack-daws, that can cry “Burdett for ever!” and can lisp “ay” and “no,” shall (as contributors to his majesty’s revenue) be included amongst the universal suffragers.

8. ——— That the affairs of these realms can never be expected to go on smoothly until those representatives, who are advocates for universal suffrage, have got the reins of government into their own *able* hands: *we*, therefore, the Radical Reformers of these realms, do most seriously recommend his majesty to dismiss his present incompetent ministers, and to appoint the *all-competent* radical reforming representatives in their stead.

9. ——— That as soon as these *all-competent* gentlemen shall be possessed of the reins of government, their clemency shall cause it to be proclaimed, that it shall only be treason for any one to say, “wrong they do,”—that, to benefit the people, they will enact a law against *grumbling*—that it shall be policy to *flog discontent* out of the kingdom; and, that, as a mark of their regard for the liberty of the subject, it shall only be transportation for all those who will

not acknowledge the affairs of these realms to be going on cleverly, and as Radical Reformers, in power, could wish for.

10. ——— *That the thanks of the meeting be presented to our amiable contemporaries, MR. HENRY HUNTO, DOCTOR WATSONO, MR. THOMAS PRESTONO, MR. DYALO, MR. SHERWINO, PIETRO PORCUPINO, and MR. CARLILEO, whose fertile imaginations have furnished us with many valuable political ideas, some of which may be found in these our rational and well-digested resolutions.*

The electors now subscribed their pennies, and the Don had the subscription bag conveyed to a coach, and entering the vehicle with Seditiono, they posted to the metropolis.—On arriving in the city, the Don exclaimed, “Congratulate me, Seditiono—congratulate me, my lad o’ wax. Thou hast witnessed the honour newly conferred upon me—the honour of being elected mayor of the ancient and renowned borough of Garratt; a situation which has been filled by those most renowned and most honourable of all honourable knights, *Sir Jeffrey Dunstan* and *Sir Harry Dimsdale**—Huzza! I have ascended the first step towards the pinnacle of power; and with such supporters as the electors of Garratt, it shall go hard but I’ll mount to the summit.—Huzza!”

* Two deformed idiots, formerly Mayors of Garratt.

CHAP. III.

The Don's second Expedition—Conversation in the Diligence of Dover—Adventures at Canterbury, and on Barham Downs.

IN the third week in April, our hero and his trusty Seditiono sallied forth on their second penny subscription expedition. It was the Don's intention, during this second trip, to visit various cities and towns in the southern and western districts, for the purpose of having penny subscriptions founded in them 'by a few intelligent friends of reform, amongst their respective trades—such as printers, tailors, shoemakers, coachmakers, cabinetmakers, and carpenters, as being the most numerous, and generally the most enlightened.'*

The arrangement being settled, our hero and Seditiono commenced their excursion, and journeyed on foot until they had proceeded to within a few miles of Dartford, when they were overtaken by the Diligence of Dover; and finding room for one inside, the Don entered the vehicle, and Seditiono mounted the roof. The inside passengers now consisted of a venerable doctor of divinity, a farmer, a demoralised young French officer, and the noble Don Dwarfino. After the Don was seated, he apologized for intruding himself into the carriage with his penny subscription bag slung across his shoulder, and explained to the passengers his mo-

* Vide Black Dwarf, March 3, 1819.

tive for carrying it. The young Frenchman, complimented our hero on his noble undertaking—subscribed his penny, and solicited the doctor and the farmer to do the same.—The farmer said he had heard of the Don's plan, and likewise of a Spence's plan, and he believed the plans were similar—"I fear," continued he, "they are systems of insubordination—they teach enmity to governments—hatred to virtue and integrity, and a disregard of all laws, human and divine. These reforming gentlemen, as much as I can understand of them, would themselves reap my crops, and pay me with fine promises; or, perhaps, liquidate the debt they might owe me by depriving me of life;—no, no;" continued he, "I cannot conscientiously become a subscriber."—The venerable divine likewise declined becoming a subscriber, considering the reforming system calculated only to fan the flames of anarchy, and to keep alive the embers of continual disorder.—The young Frenchman appeared to be piqued at the reverend gentleman's remarks, and asked the doctor if he had ever read 'The Age of Reason.'—"I have," replied the divine, "and cannot help considering the work as the effusions of a madman."—"Bigotry!" exclaimed the Frenchman.—"Fudge," grumbled Dwarfino.—"Sapient Dwarfino! Wonderful man of knowledge," continued the divine, "I know you pride yourself on your *vigour of intellect*; and in your vanity, would persuade me to pin my faith on your *borrowed light*: but, to use the words of the enlightened, the amiable Phillipso—"I will abide by the precepts, admire the beauty, revere the mysteries, and as far as in me lies, practise the mandates of that sacred volume, called the Bible; and should the ridicule of earth, and the blasphemy of hell assail me, I shall console

myself by the contemplation of those blessed spirits, who in the same holy cause have toiled, and shone, and suffered. —If I err with the luminaries I have chosen for my guides, I confess myself captivated with the loveliness of their aberrations.—If they err, it is in an heavenly region—if they wander, it is in fields of light—if they aspire, it is at all events a glorious daring; and rather than sink with infidelity into the dust, I am content to cheat myself with their vision of eternity. It may indeed be nothing but delusion; but then I err with the disciples of philosophy and virtue—I err with Bacon, the great confidant of nature. I err with Milton; I err with Locke; I err with Newton.—With men like these I shall remain in error; nor will I desert those errors even for the drunken death-bed of a Paine, or the delirious war-whoop of the surviving fiends, who would erect their altar on the ruins of society.—In my opinion, it is as difficult to say whether the tenets of these democrats and infidels are more *ludicrous* or more *detestable*. They will not obey the king, or the prince, or the parliament, or the constitution; but they will obey anarchy. They will not believe in the prophets—in Moses—in Mahomet—in Christ; but they believe Tom Paine!—With no government but confusion, and no creed but scepticism, I believe in my soul they would abjure the one, if it became legitimate, and rebel against the other if it was once established.” Thus did the venerable divine continue to push on his argument, whilst the thoughts of reclaiming the reprobate Don flashed across his mind.

The diligence now stopt at an Inn in the ancient city of Canterbury, where the Don alighted, and resolved to sojourn for the night. On entering the inn, our hero ordered

supper for himself and Seditio, in the public coffee-room. The meal over, a traveller entered, and Seditio retired. A conversation now commenced between our hero and the traveller, who subscribed his penny, and professed himself to be a staunch advocate for the reforming plan. "No doubt," said the traveller, "but you will carry your point, most noble Don; but you will lack an army to support you when in power: now it happens that I have invented a plan, for machinery to form a complete army of *wooden soldiers*, who shall march, prime and load their muskets, and fire at the word of command—here, most noble Don, will be an *economical army* for your *economical republic*—a trifle of taxation, you know, will suffice to keep on foot *such an army*; and then, when the battle is won, what a saving of pens, ink, paper, and time, will occur; for it is evident we shall have no occasion to return a list of the killed and wounded."—"Wonderful invention," exclaimed Dwarfino, "but keep it profoundly secret, most sapient friend, and the instant our plans are matured, and the army of the Radical Reformers is ready to commence operations, thou shalt be invested with a high command."—The traveller thanked the Don; and perceiving the ascendancy he had acquired over our hero, he next informed him that, by the science of galvanism, he had discovered the art of seeing what any friends were occupied in doing in any city, town, or village, throughout the whole kingdom. "Zounds! another wonderful discovery!" exclaimed Dwarfino; "I should rejoice to know how our radical reforming friends are going on in the north—Assay this wonderful art, generous man—come, let us assay it."—"Willingly," replied the traveller; "but you must be deprived of all manner of metal, excepting these two wires, in

the form of a figure of 7; one of which is made of silver, and the other of zinc, and which I call the *wishing wires*.” —“O, well,” replied the Don, putting some crown pieces into the penny subscription bag, and placing it on the table—“there is all the metal I have about me.”—“Right,” said the generous friend, “now I must bandage your eyes, and you must place the wires (the longest sides of which you may perceive are about six inches) in the hollow of each ear; then, after holding them horizontally for upwards of fifteen minutes, you must bring the points in contact over the tip of your nose, when you will perceive a vivid flash dart across your eyes; and at that instant a vision will discover to you whatever you wish to see or know.” He now prepared the Don for the wonderful experiment, telling him that he must not speak or move, until after fifteen minutes had expired. The Don promised attention; and the traveller now took softly up Dwarfino’s subscription bag, and placing it under his coat, slunk slyly out of the room. Our hero remained in his ridiculous position for the time agreed upon, and then brought the points of the wires in contact over the tip of his nose—no vivid flash—no vision—he remained a moment longer—still the same—he then broke silence—“Zounds!” said he, “I see no flash—no vision—perhaps I have removed the wires too soon:”—then taking the handkerchief from his eyes, and missing his companion, he exclaimed, “Fire and furies, my bag is gone! my pence are gone! my crown pieces! “Seditiono! Seditiono!”—The squire instantly made his appearance. “Oh, Seditiono! Seditiono! I’m imposed upon—robbed, cheated, plundered!”—But perceiving a packet lying upon the table, and examining it, he found it to be directed to him—

self. "Eh! what have we here, Seditio?" and, on breaking it open, he read as follows:—

"Most sapient Dwarfino,

"To your liberty-inspiring productions, and the productions of your radical reforming contemporaries, I owe the astonishing talents I now possess. ('Confound his talents!' exclaimed Dwarfino)—My worthy father was land-steward to a nobleman, whose estates lay in the west of Albion—he gave me a liberal schooling, which caused me to be noticed by his noble lord and master, who engaged me as his secretary: in this situation it was my lot frequently to reside in the metropolis, where I first began to read the spirit-stirring productions of a Pietro Porcupino, a Dwarfino, a Sherwino, and a Carlileo, which so inspired me in the cause of liberty, and levelling, that I determined to enlist as a scribbler in the ranks of the Radical Reformers. My noble lord at length became acquainted with my principles and my proceedings, and one day he put a purse into my hands, with these remarkable words:—'Young man, I have no farther occasion for your services; a predilection for one's country is a prejudice common to all men. 'Tis an amiable prejudice which I have discovered you do not possess; nay, I have proofs that you are in the habit of dipping your pen in the gall of sedition and blasphemy, and guiding it for the vilest of purposes; I, therefore, dismiss you from my service; for the man who can applaud and promote the ambitious views of bad men, or mourn at the overthrow of an unprincipled enemy, and will rejoice at the discomfiture of his own brave countrymen, be he of what nation soever, he is a monster, and deserves to be hooted

out of the world as an alien to mankind.'—Thus deprived of the friendship of my patron, I lost the esteem of all, and was cast into the world upon my own hands—and now no dirty work of inflammatory scribbling came amiss to me. Lucre, thou knowest, Dwarfino, is the god of us circulators of sedition; our productions, we are aware, would be unsaleable were they not written in a strain to cozen and impose upon our credulous readers; nay, our sheets would only be found in cooks', in chandlers', in pork, and in butter shops, had we not the happy knack of delighting our partizans by depreciating the worth of honourable and exalted characters, and by establishing false and scandalous reports concerning them. O, happy people of Albiono! to have such all-alluring wits, such penetrating politicians, as Pietro Porcupino, Blackibo Dwarfino, Sherwino, and Carlileo, who can turn you from good humour, serenity, peace, allegiance, and religion, to grumbling, folly, discontent, and impiety. But, to conclude, a circumstance occurred during my scribbling career, which had the effect of materially correcting my politics, and of finally urging me to desert the standard of the seditionists. My worthy mother promised me pecuniary aid, and I, at once, resolved to retire to a relation of her's, who is living on a sequestered spot in the Netherlands, and there, by a life of penitence, endeavour to atone for the outrages I, by my unprincipled writings, have committed against my king, my country, and my God. Go ye, Dwarfino, Pietro Porcupino, Sherwino, and Carlileo, and do likewise; for your rogueries are seen through—your reasoning ridiculed—and it is commonly asked, 'Are not these the writings of Bedlamites?'—To convince thee, Dwarfino, that thou art subsiding into idiotism, I resolved,

(on hearing of thy penny subscription expedition) to follow thee in thy wild-goose chase, and, ere I quitted my native land, to try the trick upon thee thou has just experienced. Thy subscription bag, with all its mighty contents, which has cost you so much useless labour, thou wilt find with the bar-maid of this inn, to whom I confided my stratagem: my wooden army I leave for thee and thy colleagues, in this wonderful age of political dandyism, to improve upon, and to profit by; not in the least doubting but my wooden soldiers will prove as great acquisitions to you in your radical REFORM system, as your wooden heads at present are in bringing your schemes to maturity.

“Most sapient Dwarfino,

“Adieu, jusqu’au revoir,

“SELF-REFORMATIONO.”

Our hero now hastened to a well-known tavern, famous for its loyal company. Here Don Snipio, a master tailor, signified his intention of becoming a weekly subscriber, and of soliciting his journeymen to do the same, if Dwarfino could promise him that breeches might continue to be worn when the revolution was accomplished. Dwarfino hesitated; and, after a pause, assured Don Snipio, that he could not, at present, be positive as to that circumstance. The Don and his 'Squire now returned to their inn, and retired to rest. Early in the morning they again sallied forth on the road to Dover; and, whilst passing over the downs of Barham, their attention was attracted towards an object which struck them with the utmost astonishment. At the distance of about a mile, the topmast and topsail of an apparently cutter-built vessel, appeared to be rising out of the earth:

this object had the same effect upon the sight of our travellers, as a vessel at sea (when it is beyond the line of the horizon, and is approaching the land) has upon the eye of the observer on shore: the mainsail and lower mast next appeared, and then the whole hull arose in sight. "What can this supernatural object be? What can it mean?" said Dwarfino. Our hero then drew from his pocket a small telescope, and took a regular view of the singular phenomenon which was now tacking towards his line of march—"You tremble, most noble Don!" said Seditiono; "what means your agitation?—What do you behold?"—"I behold a most princely personage!" replied Dwarfino, "who is well attended—is habited in vestments of the darkest hue, and who, with a frown upon his countenance, is pointing at me."—"Zounds!" exclaimed the 'Squire, "a princely personage, habited in black!—Perhaps 'tis the prince Apollyon."—"It must be so," replied our hero! "I am inclined to think thou'rt right, Seditiono: for what other being could thus have issued from the bosom of the earth? But, hush! the wonderful object approaches."



CHAP. IV.

*The Don's Conversation with the supposed Apollyon.—
Description of his Wonderful Machine.—Comical Ad-
ventures at Dover.—Arrival at Brighton.*

THE object which bore the princely personage, and which was no other than the well-known machine of the Chevalier Henri Oxendono,* that he had built and rigged in the form of a cutter, upon wheels, for the purpose of amusing himself on the Downs of Barham, now stopped close to our hero.—The Don and Seditiōno fell on their knees, and Dwarfino thus addressed the supposed Apollyon:—"Most potent prince! Most mighty Apollyon! what hast thou to commu-

* Sir Henry Oxendon, some years ago, was in the habit of amusing himself on Barham Downs in a machine of this description.

nicate to thy servant?—what is thy pleasure with thy ever-devoted slave?”—“And with thy slave’s slave?” said the Squire. The Chevalier, who was well studied in the science of physiognomy, on scrutinizing the countenances of our travellers, concluded they were maniacs; and he, in consequence, whispered his people to humour them.—“What is thy pleasure, most powerful Apollyon?” repeated Dwarfino. “That thou proceedest in thy career,” replied the Chevalier, “a career so congenial to the prince of darkness:—I am thy ally, my faithful mortal, and henceforward will be thy invisible friend—thy constant attendant.” “Princely Apollyon!” exclaimed the Don, “how I prize thy alliance!—Like thee, of old, I am struggling for power, and against (what my enemies call *imaginary*) oppression; and, like thee, I ‘would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven;’—thou hast been my adored example from my youth; but, alas! my devotions to thy interests have only, as yet, procured me ‘*a Life of Pain.*’” *—“Thy attachment to me,” replied the Chevalier, “shall now be rewarded—proceed, and be successful.” Upon which, the Chevalier ordered the sails of his machine to be spread to the wind, and in a few moments the supposed Apollyon descended a declivity and appeared to sink into the earth again.—“Miraculous!—Astonishing!” exclaimed Dwarfino.—“I conjure thee, Seditiono, never to divulge what thou hast this day witnessed, excepting to our colleagues.—Secrecy, thou knowest, is the soul of conspiracy—by observing secrecy concerning the

* Sherwin accuses Wooler of dishonestly withholding from him some M.S. matter of the *Life of Thomas Paine*, addressed to him from a friend in America.—*Vide* Sherwin’s Register, March 17, 1819.

ultimatum of our plans, we may do wonders; but if we blab, even though leagued with Apollyon himself, our schemes will be frustrated—our hopes destroyed.” Thus did the Don continue to advise his ’Squire, until they arrived at the port of Dover, at the post-office of which, our hero found a letter directed to him, from Gregory Grum, his Deputy Mayor of Garratt, which contained the following matter:—

‘ MOST NOBLE DON DWARFINO,

‘ *Right Vorshipful Mayor of Garratt,*

‘ This comes hoping you are vell as I am at present; only the Harrystocrats puts my pipe out; they gets more and more annoying every day. You knows, most noble Don, that ve sons of the Radical Reformers, considers ourselves as free—and vhy not?—Is it to be borne, Right Vorshipful, that our vorthy brethren, Johnsonio, Bagguleyo, and Drummondo, should be punished for only threatening, and meaning to kill two or three lords; and for recommending a bit of a butchering row to be kicked up throughout the nation?—No; I says and declares that it isn’t to be borne.—I, your respectful deputy, most noble Don! glories in your assertion consarning these parsecuted patriots; and I declares as you do, that, “had I been in their situation, I would have defended myself upon the ground that I had a right, a legal right, to commit any act of sedition, or even treason.”—Zounds! it be necessary to look sharp after our rights.—Vhy, do you know, Right Vorshipful, that I, even I, the Deputy Mayor of Garratt, only got a little fuddled a Sunday or two ago, and kicked up a bit of a row in church-time—and vho should interfere but our Harrystocratical Justice—and vhat does I do, but I tells him that he knows

no more about politics or the liberty of the subject, or the majesty of the people, than my wife or than my vig—and what does he do, but he claps me in the stocks—here was tyranny!—here was an insult to the Deputy Mayor of Garratt!—the representative of Don Blackibo Dwarfino clapped in the stocks! and to make bad worse, who should come blustering up to me, but my wife—she's a wixen, you know; and she reproached me, and cuffed me, and kicked me, and even encouraged some wicked women to run away with my bran new vig.—But when our republic is settled, most noble Don! I shall recommend the case to be altered, as to the women folk; for, like the Harrystocrats, they have, at present, too much power in the nation; therefore, with your permission, most noble Don; when I gets into the republican parliament I shall bring in a bill for the women to do the men's work, and for the men to do the women's work; and that will humble the women and make them submissive, you know.—This plan I learnt when I lodged in the hot-hell in the Gallican capitol.—There the wife was the ostler, and minded the horses, and cleaned the stables; and the husband was the chamber-maid, and scrubbed the rooms, and made the beds.—But you knows, Right Vorshipful, they have there vat they calls a *salique law*. I begs, most noble Don! to know how you be getting on with the salique law, and the penny subscription—and how the blanketeers be getting on—and how the Stockport boys be getting on—and how the ring-dropping systems be getting on—for I am sick of the proceedings of these Harrystocrats—they be all for peace and quietness, and for being orderly, as they calls it: that don't suit us, you know: we be all for activity, and glorious commotions and insurrections, and cut 'em and slash 'em,

and division of property and confiscation of estates; for we expects to profit by 'em: so no more at present,

' From your friend and vell-visher, till death.

' GREGORY GRUM,'

After Dwarfino had perused Gregory Grum's intelligent letter, he proceeded with his 'Squire to the Ship Inn, where they took up their abode for the night; and having arranged their journey for the morrow, our travellers sat down to a supper, which was served up after the fashion of the Gallican *Table d'Hôte*. The supper company consisted of our hero, his 'Squire, an Officer of the Navy, a Military Officer, and half a dozen male and female Albionions, who had arrived from the Gallican capital.—After the cloth was drawn, and just at the instant our hero was about to exhibit his penny subscription bag, and to explain to the company his motive for carrying it, the military officer proposed the health of the Prince of Albiono; when the party, with the exception of the Don and his 'Squire, drank it in raptures. Dwarfino and Seditiono were now called upon to explain their conduct respecting their non-attention to the loyal toast. The Don upon the instant, assumed an air of jacobinical dignity, and informed the company that to drink it was incompatible with his politics; and he, therefore, declined paying it the least attention. At this instant, Reformationo, who was on the point of embarking for the *Pays Bas*, entered the room, and, on seeing the Don, exclaimed, "A madman! a madman!" The eyes of the company were now directed towards Dwarfino, who, in a rage, started from his seat, and, in attempting to rush at Reformationo, upset his next neigh-

bour, a dignified old Dowager, whose bonnet, cap, and wig, were struck off by the fall—all was now confusion—the Officers drew their swords—the old Dowager rushed with fury upon the Don and his 'Squire, and continued to cuff and claw them until she had left substantial marks of her unbounded rage upon their astonished countenances.—Reformationo called loudly for cords, for the purpose of binding them, and recommended that they should be sent back to Bedlam, from whence he insinuated they had recently escaped—a waiter entered with cords—our hero and his 'Squire attempted to retreat out at the door; but were prevented by the Officers, with drawn swords: a window, however, which looked into the stable-yard, happening to be invitingly open, and being the only hope of escape left them, our penny subscription heroes took a resolute leap, and cleared it in an instant.—Seditiono jumped into a large horse-trough, which was under the window, for the purpose of watering cattle, and the Don lit astride on the back of a horse that was taking its evening's draught, his face towards the tail, which so frightened the poor animal, that it galloped through several streets of the town with him, the Don holding fast by its rump, until it was stopped by a fisherman's cart, which stood at the time athwart the street of St. James', the master preparing to turn into a yard out of the way of the destructive career of Dwarfino; but the Don's horse coming in contact, and pained with the concussion, kicked up its heels and threw the Don, with inconceivable agility, into the midst of the *fry*, and thus was our hero, although thrown into a degrading situation, rescued from his perilous ride—a ride which the people of Dover called—"Dwarfino's Jacobinical Equestrianship." The Don now

traversed the town in search of Seditono, and found him wandering near the quay.—“ Oh! Don Dwarfino! Don Dwarfino!” exclaimed the ’Squire, “ what a confounded scrape has this Reformatio led us into!”—“ Confound the fellow! he haunts me as my evil genius,” replied Blackibo; “ but how art thou, Seditio? How didst thou escape from the horse trough in which I saw thee immersed?”—“ A plague on all Aristocrats, say I!” exclaimed Seditio.—“ On emerging from the trough, I was seized by the two captains, and taken back to the supper-room, and there they gave me my choice, either to drink a half-pint bumper of Hollands to the Prince of Albiono, or, on refusal, to swallow a double quantum of nauseous *salt and water*.”—“ Well, no doubt, as a staunch jacobin, thou preferd’st the *last*,” said Dwarfino.—“ No, most noble Don!” replied the ’Squire, “ being faint and weary, and dripping wet, it struck me that I cou’dn’t do better than prefer the *first*.”—“ Coward! Unworthy democrat!” exclaimed the Don, “ I would not have been compelled to violate my principles of hatred against royalty by the officers of all the kings and princes of the universe.—No: rather than submit to such degradation they should transport me to the Arctic Regions, and leave me to perish on an iceberg—or, stretch me under the vertical sun of the burning Equator, without a taste of water to cool my fevered brain.” Whilst Dwarfino was uttering these last words, a sluttish house-maid emptied a chamber utensil out of her bedroom window, the contents of which fell upon the head of our exasperated Don.—“ Confound this town of Dover,” exclaimed Dwarfino, “ its very jordans conspire against us! Ah! ’tis evident our friend Apollyon has no influence here!” They now took beds at the second inn, and next day en-

deavoured to make collections as they passed through the towns of Hastings, Eastbourn, Newhaven, and Seaford, to Brighton; where, at the Great Gun, on the Orient Cliff, they took up their lodgings for the night.—Here the Don and his 'Squire found a change of garments directed to Dwarfino, from the Capital, and likewise a second letter from Self-Reformatiōno, to the following effect:—

“ MOST SAPIENT DWARFINO,

“ After your dexterous leap through the window of the inn at Dover, I had the pleasure of falling into conversation with an Albionion, who happens to be going on a tour through the Netherlands, and who has agreed to accompany me as far as St. Nicholas. This gentleman (having formerly spent much of his time amongst the Gaulois) has condescended to entertain me with various anecdotes of persons concerned in the Gallican Revolution, and amongst the rest, with the following one. Immediately after it was related to me, I was resolved to commit it to paper, and to address it to the Most Sapient Dwarfino, to serve him as a monitor in his future proceedings

When my fellow-traveller was in the Gallican Capital, in June, 1802, the following anecdote was related in his presence, by a M. Touchbœuf, landlord of the Hotel Lillois, in the Rue La Loi, now Rue Richelieu:—*

“ The Honourable C. H. who, previous to the French Revolution, had been in the habit of occasionally visiting Gaul, enquired of the above-named landlord, in what part

* The names of many streets in Paris were changed during the French Revolution.

of the capital he should be likely to find a Mr. Henri, a tailor, who had formerly worked for him?" Mr. T. with a great deal of *sang froid*, replied—"Why, really, sir, I cannot tell where he is to be found, or whether he be living or dead; for, while Robespierre was in power, we had twenty tailors guillotined one morning, and, perhaps, Mr. Henri might have been one of them," "Twenty tailors put to death!" exclaimed the enquirer, "for what, pray?" "You must be informed," replied Mr. T. "that they were very active republican reformers, and, on account of their attention to the interests of our just and august *Sans Culottes' Government*, who caused it to be inscribed on the gates of Cemeteries, '*This is the place of eternal sleep*,' these tailors were declared men deserving well of their country! Like your own radical reforming gentlemen, they became popular declaimers; and, at all public meetings, displayed that species of patriotic oratory which recommends chimerical plans for a nation's welfare; but which, in fact, only produces the effect of deranging and distracting it. But to conclude;" continued Mr. T. "our army became very much in want of clothing, and although it was denominated '*The Sans Culottes' Army*,' yet our soldiers, on being ordered into active service, had the audacity to declare that '*they could not march without breeches*;' whereupon, our just and august government, with Robespierre at its head, by way of remunerating the patriotic tailors for their valuable services, entered into a liberal contract with them for clothing the army. The job was completed according to contract—the bills were sent in, and the tailors became pressing for their money; but our Sans Culotte's Government, of radical reformers, finding their finances low, and having

an eye to *economy*, and to the welfare of their country (as all radical reformers affect to have) found a pretext to accuse the poor tailors of traitorous proceedings, and their accounts were quickly receipted by the chopper of that accommodating liquidator of national debts, *the Guillotine*.

“To conclude, I advise thee, O, Don! to take warning from this anecdote of the radical reforming tailors, and to look into it as the mirror, in which (if thou continuest to pursue the path thou art now treading) thou mayest see thine own destiny.

“Most Sapient Don,

“Adieu, pour le present,

“SELF-REFORMATIONO.”

CHAP. V.

A Wag sends the Bellman about the Town with a Comical Announcement of the Don's Arrival.—Conversation at The Great Gun.—Adventures at Chichester.

AFTER having changed their dresses, and brushed themselves up, our hero and Seditio took a stroll about the town, and inspected the Pavilion and the stabling of the Prince of Albiono. On returning to the Great Gun, our hero found the house crowded with fishermen, tradesmen and mechanics, who had assembled to behold the wonderful Don Dwarfino, and whose curiosity had been excited by the scheme of a wag, who had sent the Bellman about the town, with the following notice:—

“To be seen at the Great Gun, a wonderful Black Dwarf, generally called the “Grand Projector.” He will prove that two hundred and sixteen thousand, six hundred and sixty-six pounds, thirteen shillings and four-pence may be raised by penny subscriptions; and, by its appropriation, Albiono may be mounted to the highest pitch of glory—that by altering the Kalendar, and making twenty-four solar months to constitute a year, farmers may reap two crops of grain annually. Any person, by calling for a glass of grog at the Great Gun, may see and converse with this most wonderful of all wonders.”

The Don was not at all displeased at seeing so many tradesmen assembled at his inn, and, by way of rousing the feelings of his auditors, he began to rail against splendid

extravagancies, and adverted to the alterations going on at the Pavilion of the Prince of Albiono, making many sage remarks on the economy of democrats—on the advantages of republican governments, and on the blessings that might accrue from the downfall of nobility and royalty.—“Why, what you assert may be very true, most noble Don !” replied a fisherman ; “ but we can’t see these things exactly in the same light *you* do—we consider that money, like manure, does no good till it is spread—Our princes and our nobility *spread* it.—The Princes of Albiono circulate what they receive from us in the encouragement of charities, of trades, manufactures, arts, sciences, &c. and had they more to circulate, no doubt but the realm might be more flourishing than it is ;—we fishermen, therefore, consider what *we* contribute as only giving them a sprat to catch a mac’rel.”—Dwarfino now began to change his mode of attack, and, in the most persuasive manner possible, endeavoured to shew that nothing but a complete revolution could be of the least benefit to the people of Albiono.

“ Many cavils,” said he, “ have been instituted against the word revolution ; but, in reality, it is as harmless as reform, and not quite so general in its signification. A reformation is to create anew ; a revolution is merely to revolve back to something which existed before.”*

“ Poo, poo !” said the parish clerk, “ don’t you perceive, gentlemen, that the Don has in his memory the glorious times of rebellions, massacres, and civil wars ? and, therefore, recommends us to ‘ return to our old trade of basket-making,’ which, you know, gentlemen, implies, revolving back

* *Vide*, Black Dwarf, April 23, 1819.

into old habits; or returning to the more primitive occupations of barbarous times."

The Don finding he could not draw into his views the tradesmen of Brighton was now on the point of retiring to rest, when, to his great surprise, his beloved rib, Donna Blackibo Dwarfino, was ushered into the room, accompanied by two porters, bearing a Velocimanipede upon their shoulders. The Donna had received a letter from our hero, stating the amount of the penny subscription already collected, which did not exactly accord with her expectations; she consequently became suspicious, and was fearful that Dwarfino might be squandering the money away for his *menu plaisirs*—this was the cause of her hastening to Brighton with her Velocimanipede, for the purpose of accompanying the Don and his 'Squire through the rest of their expedition. The Velocimanipede was constructed so as not only to carry herself, our hero, and Seditiono; but a strong box, which was furnished with lock and key, and was strapt to it, for the better security of the penny subscription bag. The Don complimented his Cara Sposa on her attention to him; and they retired to rest. Early the next morning our trio prepared to assay their new carriage; and they proceeded at a rapid rate until they arrived at the Chateau D'Arundel. The noble dame was delighted with the paintings, the sculpture, the furniture, the park, the situation, and every thing appertaining to this venerable pile; and, in an ecstasy, she exclaimed, "My dear, dear, Don, when you have accomplished your grand purpose of reform and levelling, and have commenced your confiscation business, I shall claim this as *my* Chateau—O! tis a charming residence."*—

* The Seat of the Duke of Norfolk.

The Don nodded assent; and our travellers now proceeded to Chichester, where, at the inn, called the Golden Fleece, they halted for the night. Here they were introduced to a venerable personage, of whom it had been announced in the city, that a chief of the Egyptian Magi had arrived amongst the citizens for the purpose of displaying his wonderful art. Our travellers, on being informed of the Magician's abilities, expressed their desire to witness a few specimens of his magical power.—The seer consequently produced his apparatus, which he placed on a trestle, and directed the trio to arrange themselves before it. “What country is that,” said the Don, “which I perceive yonder, surrounded by the sea?”—“That,” replied the Magician, “is a celebrated island, called *Albiono*: there, Signior, you may perceive, at one view, all its cities, towns, and villages, and likewise the whole of its population, and what its inhabitants are occupied in doing.”—“And what,” said Dwarfino, “are those persons about in yon house, which, on account of its inside structure, might be taken for a chapel?” “That,” replied the Magician, “is the Senate-house of *Albiono*—and the gentleman you now see on his legs is declaiming in favour of radical reform: he is, by nature, affable, candid, open and sincere*—a man of integrity, a learned man, and a philanthropist; but not being versed in the arts and cunning of designing levellers, he suffers himself to be duped into their pretended plans, without considering that his well-intentioned exertions are productive of the most baneful effects—as a proof of these effects now look to the right: there you behold a meeting of radicals, collected at a tavern, for the purpose of raising a subscription

* Sir Francis Burdett.

to be appropriated to the support of three individuals, who are now suffering the very *severe punishment* of imprisonment for the very *trifling offences* of exciting rebellion, and threatening to assassinate their imaginary oppressors: the prisoners may, indeed, be pitied, as being the pupils, instruments and tools of designing democrats; yet, who but seditionists would have the effrontery to assert that the confinement of such subjects is unmerited?—But to proceed with my picture.—The man you see mounted on the table, (who, from his frantic gestures, you would conclude is a madman) is adverting to the trials of the culprits, and is now exclaiming—

“ I would have contended that, had I *sacrificed my oppressors*, I should have deserved commendation.”*

“ Why, zounds!” said our hero, aside to Donna Blackibo, “ that’s *me*!—Have I such an interesting appearance in my arguments?”—“ O yes, my dear Don,” replied the Donna, “ when you are what you call *cutting up the childish Legislators*, and the *stupid Judges*, your gestures and your looks are, indeed, perfect pictures of the *sublime and beautiful*.”—“ Well, go on,” said the Don to the Magician.—“ I shall change the scene,” said the Magician, “ and take you to the kingdom of Pluto; attend, most noble Signior! you may now observe what is going on in the infernal regions.”—“ Aye, come, now for it,” said the Don, “ shew us what the Infernals are about?—Who are those I see yonder, busied in signing a large sheet of paper, which I take to be a petition?”—“ Those,” replied the magician, “ are Jonathan Wild, Turpin, Jack Shepherd, Jeremiah

* An Extract from Wooler’s Black Dwarf, April 21, 1819, in allusion to the Trials of Johnson, Drummond, &c. at Chester.

Abbershaw, George Barrington, and many other celebrated highwaymen, thieves, and pickpockets, who have drawn up a petition to be presented to Æacus, Minos, and Rhadamanthus, the infernal judges, praying to be separated from Robespierre, Carriere, Santerre, Collet D'Herbois, Marat, &c. considering it derogatory to their dignity to be obliged to mingle with such sanguinary scoundrels."—"And what," asked the Don, "may those three dignified personages be who appear to be dictating to a clerk?"—"Those are the infernal judges," replied the Magician; "a messenger from the earth has recently arrived, to inform them that one Pietro Porcupino may be expected in their regions. The messenger has brought with him one of Pietro's papers, which contains the following passage:—

"Robbery or larceny! what do you mean by that? Does the law of nature say any thing about robbery or larceny? No; the law of nature bids man to take, wherever he can find it, whatever is necessary to his life, health and ease."*

On reading this passage, the judges have decreed what shall be done with him when he arrives. In the interim, they have issued a proclamation to prohibit the circulation of his Registers beyond hell's frontiers, considering them as only calculated to encourage thieving and assassination, and there are thieves and assassins enough in hell already."†—"And

* An Extract from Cobbett's Register, in reply to Malthus.—May, 8, 1819.

† The above passages of "*The Political Quixote*," appeared in *The Weekly Review*, June, 1819, and it had long been the opinion of the well-informed, that the blasphemous and seditious writings, and the intemperate harangues of our radical reforming leaders, would ultimately excite the reformers to meditate such plots as that which was providentially discovered in Cato-street.

pray, sir," said the Don, rather hastily, "who are those whom I perceive cooped up in a dungeon yonder, through which flows a stream of boiling lava?"—"The one on the right," replied the Magician, "is Voltaire; he on the left is Volney; and he in the middle is Thomas Paine: you may perceive they are dipping their pens of flame in the galls of harpies, and are tracing characters on the hearts of furies, which they pick up from the flowing lava. The composers of this trio, when on earth, were called by the Gallican reformers, '*Les trois Flambeaux de l'Univers*.'—And why," asked the Don, "are they bolted and barred out from the rest of hell's inhabitants?"—"His infernal majesty," replied the magician, "has taken this precaution to prevent them from circulating their writings amongst his unruly subjects—subjects already bad enough; but which, Pluto imagines, the productions of *Les trois Flambeaux de l'Univers* are calculated to render still worse."—"And who," asked our hero, "are those with clasped and uplifted hands, stalking on the verge of yon gloomy river?"—"They are the ghosts," replied the Magician, of Brandreth and Cashman, two poor deluded beings, who are doomed, for a time, to wander on the banks of Erebus: they are now in the act of cursing the damned writings of Pietro Porcupino, Sherwino, and Don Blackibo Dwarfino, as the causes of their ignominious deaths."—"Put up your apparatus," said the Don, "I have seen enough."—"And so have I," said Seditiono, "it makes my very hair to stand an end."—While the Donna observed that they both trembled exceedingly, and looked very pale.—"Pshaw! pshaw!" replied the Don, at the instant bearing in mind the encouraging promise of his friend Apollyon.

CHAP. VI.

Our Trio take their meal with a party of Farmers and their Wives—Seditiono is discovered to be a ci-devant Cobbler of Havant—He is catechised by a venerable Farmer—A droll adventure with a radical reforming Sleep-walker.

THE Don and Donna, accompanied by Seditiono, now retired to the dining-room, where refreshments were about to be placed on the table for a number of farmers and their wives; (it being fair-time, and likewise market-day) and at this table our trio resolved to take their meal.—After the repast, the Donna retired, for the purpose of taking a stroll through the fair, with the hostess of the inn, who had promised to attend her.—The Don now gave the company to understand who he was; and, displaying his subscription bag, he ordered Seditiono to distribute amongst the farmers some numbers of his *Black Dwarf*.—"Heyday!" exclaimed a venerable man, who had many years farmed his own estate. "Heyday! What do I see? Seditiono! *The cobbler, late of Havant*; metamorphosed from a mender of shoes to a mender of government! Come hither, *thou jack-of-all-trades*, I have here a job for thee," continued the old man, (drawing from his fob a huge silver watch, that might have served, in times of yore, as a town-clock). "Mend *this*, and set it a-going."—Seditiono confessed it was utterly out of his power, as he was unacquainted with the nature of its movements.—"Nay, but try your inge-

nuity, man," said the farmer; "you see all the springs and wheels, and how easy the clumsiest hand may stop it, and pull it to pieces; and why should it not be as easy to regulate it, as to stop it?" Seditono declared that he had never meddled with a watch in his life; there were men skilled in the art, whose business it was to attend to these matters; for his part he should only mar the workmanship, and put the whole in confusion. "Why, heark'e, then, master of mine," said the venerable man, with a look that almost petrified the *ci-devant* patcher of shoes into a perfect lapstone, "dost thou pretend to meddle with the *movements of government*, to regulate, and patch, and cobble a *complicated machine*, the principles of which are above thy comprehension, and its simplest operations too subtle for thy understanding; when thou canst not correct a trifling error in a common piece of mechanism, the mystery of which is open to thy inspection! Hence with thee to the leather and stone, which are the emblems of thy head; cobble thy shoes, and confine thyself to the vocation for which heaven has fitted thee.—Mercy on me!" continued the venerable man, addressing himself to the company, "how the times are metamorphosed, neighbours! How suddenly enlightened (under the tuition of these *profound politicians*) the multitude are become in matters above their comprehension! Even cobblers, tinkers, barbers, and tailors *feel themselves inspired*, in these glorious days of *political illumination*, and without any previous study or experience, affect to be instantly capable of directing all the movements of government."—"Venerable sir," said Seditono, "I dont pretend to direct the *movements of government*. I am only a sort of *main-spring*, as it were, in the noble Don's *radical re-*

forming time-piece, to propel, and keep in action its *revolutionary movements*. But look *there*, sir—there *is* my noble master—who has invented a *lever* to move the country with, and to *move it effectually*.—The *penny subscription*, venerable sir—by the *penny subscription* we shall effect miracles:—Yes, sirs,” continued Seditiono, addressing himself to the farmers, “there is nothing impossible to the *grand projector*, the renowned *Don Blackibo Dwarfino*.—Nay, he even possesses the ability and the power to direct and govern the *seasons* for you.”—“Pooh!” exclaimed our hero, “nothing so easy. I will prove to you, gentlemen, that it is as possible for us *reformers* to produce *artificial weather*, as for the *electrician* to produce *artificial thunder and lightning*.” Here the Don rose, and was proceeding to give the company an explanatory speech, when the venerable farmer suggested to our hero, that, as the audience was numerous, he would oblige them by making the table his *rostrum*, and so situating himself, that *all* his auditors might have the pleasure of hearing and seeing him. The Don acquiesced—mounted the table, and was about to delight the party with an *elegant* and *instructive* oration, to prove the practicability of radically reforming the weather—but at this instant the man cook (a radical reformer, and a subscriber to the Don’s penny subscription) entered the room. His name was Noctambulo, and he was accustomed to walk in his sleep. In taking a nap, after his fatigue of cooking the dinner, he had equipped himself, whilst sleeping, with a saucepan for a helmet; an enormous spit for a sword; and a huge pot-lid for his shield. Thus equipped, he presented himself to Dwarfino and the farmers, and on entering, exclaimed—

"Most graceless Dwarfino, down in the north

"Strides an enormous rabble, and our hopes

"Inform us Trulliber's* their leader.—

"Their spits are drawn, expecting but the aid

"Of Blackibo, to devastate the land."

On hearing this, the Don sprang from the table, and not perceiving the foul-plate basket, he jumped plump into it, and smashed the dirty crockery to atoms; which droll accident excited in the farmers and their wives an immoderate fit of laughter.—The Don, however, still maintained his gravity, and exclaimed, "We must assist them then—order my bill immediately, and my carriage at daybreak."—

"Conclude it done, great Don,"

replied Noctambulo;—with this, he flourished his spit about most awkwardly, and, breaking the Don's head with it as he passed him, quitted the room, exclaiming, "*Huzza! Liberty, and no breeches, for ever! Huzza!*"—The farmers, on observing Noctambulo's comical exit, instead of giving the Don a plaster for his broken pericranium, retired, with their wives, laughing from the room; and Dwarfino hastened to a surgeon, to get a dressing for the *soft place* which Noctambulo's spit had found *upon his sapient head*.

* Harrison.



CHAP. VII.

Arrival at the White Hart, at Guildford—Comical Adventure with an eccentric Architect—Curious Proposition of the Lancastrian Thalestris, a radical reforming Amazon—The Donna in a rage.

AT daybreak our trio mounted their Velocimanipede, and journeyed on through Midhurst and Godalmin, without meeting with any particular adventure, until they arrived at Guildford, where, at the White Hart, they took up their abode for the night.—Here a supper was preparing for some guests in the public coffee-room, and our trio resolved to join the party.—Whilst they were waiting for supper being served up, a Mr. Ionic, an eccentric architect, bustled

into the room, and thus accosted the Don—"Vetruvius says, that the front of a country mansion should not look askint upon a stranger; but should accost him plump at his entrance, as I now accost *you*, sir,—How *are* you?"—"Pray, sir, who are *you*? and what is your business?" gruffly demanded the Don.—"My business, sir, is that of an architect," replied Ionic—"I build *jails*, and chapels, and churches, and castles; but not *castles in the air*, sir—and I pursue Vasari's method—that is, sir, I proportion *my* buildings in imitation of the structure of the human *head*. But, sir, for the sake of brevity, we'll suppose *your* head to be a windmill."—"My head—a windmill! Zounds, sir! is it your intent to *insult* me?" angrily demanded Dwarfino, "Do you know who and what I am?"—"Pooh! to be sure I do—aye, as well as I know the *Corinthian column* from the *composite*," replied Ionic. "You are a *planner*; a *projector*.—I recollect, mighty Dwarfino, to have read of an *Arabian planner and projector*, a philosopher called Valesius, who taught that *concupiscence* destroyed the *liberty of man*; and he therefore advised *all men* to deprive themselves of the power of propagating their species, by way of *saving themselves*. Thus, then, (were we all to adopt Valesius's plan) in process of time, you know, most noble Don, the human species would become extinct; but that would be *radical*—wouldn't it, ma'am?" said Ionic to the Donna. The Donna smiled—and Ionic continued,—"And indeed, I surmise, ma'am, that the mighty plans of the *rooting-out Radicals*, would prove to be similar to the plan of *Valesius*:—that is to say, ma'am, the wiseacres would *destroy* the empire under the idea of *saving it*."

Supper was now served up, when our trio, Ionic, and a few more guests commenced their repast. Ionic ordered a dish to be placed before the Don, which he informed him contained a cold pigeon pie. The Donna requested Blackibo to help her to a little of it: but what was the Don's surprise, when, on lifting up the pie-lid, a number of small birds flew out of the dish, rushing against his face, and causing an immoderate roar of laughter from the supper guests. Dwarfino (looking about the room, and then into the dish) appeared thunderstruck, and disconcerted; and Ionic asked him, if he could find *Hope* at the bottom.—“But,” continued he, “the Donna shall *not* be disappointed of her *bonne bouche*—here is a *real pigeon pie*—(helping her.)—You must excuse me, ma'am,” continued the eccentric Ionic; “but this inoffensive joke was practised to combine the ideas of *radical reform* and a *Pandora's box*, in the semblance of a *sham pigeon pie*. The poor birds were meant to signify—not Pandora's *evils*, but the radical reforming *blessings*, which the Don would let loose amongst us: but you see, ma'am—you see, sirs—(pointing at the empty pie)—'tis all illusion—the *blessings* are vanished, and we cannot find even *Hope* at the bottom.”

At this instant an *amiable Amazon*, called the Lancastrian Thalestris, was ushered into the room, who announced that she had travelled from Blackburn, in consequence of an ardent desire she had to see the renowned Don Blackibo.—The Don commended her zeal in the *good cause*, and asked her if she had any thing particular to desire of him; when she replied, without scruple or hesitation, that she was come to have children by him, considering herself worthy to bring

him heirs,* into whose minds (to make them *worthy of their sire*) she would pledge herself to instil a hatred of religion of royalty, of nobility, and of all rulers.—During this *modest declaration* of the Lancasterian Thalestris, the thermometer of the Donna's temper gradually arose, from degree to degree, until it had ascended to the hottest swell of rage, when catching up a horsewhip, belonging to one of the guests, she darted at Dame Alice,† whipt up her drapery, and applied the instrument of flagellation most violently upon the Amazon's posteriors, exclaiming, “Harlot! hussey! to propose robbing me of my hymeneal rights *before my face!*—These are the principles, then, of *female reformers!* of *petticoat politicians!*”—Two or three of the party now interfered, and the Lancasterian Thalestris was led out of the room, vociferating abuse well worthy of a dame of Billingsgate.

Dwarfino now advanced to the enraged Donna, and, taking her gently by the hand, he endeavoured to convince her that Don Blackibo Dwarfino's consort should regard it as beneath her dignity to give way to passion *on occasions so trivial*.—Ionic, however, applauded our heroine; and contended, that the spirit she had displayed deserved commendation; for although the *flogging* law had been abolished, by our military, yet it had not been expunged from our *code*, and in this instance the Donna had exercised it in a manner *fundamentally* constitutional.

* Thalestris, queen of the Amazons, came out of her country, to make a similar proposal to Alexander the Great.

† Alice Kitchen, who read an address (supposed to be written by Harrison) to the mob, at Blackburn.

“What a demoralized wretch,” exclaimed Ionic, “is this Lancasterian Thalestris! Can it be possible,” continued he, “that among the esteemed, the admired matrons of Albion, *one* may be found who can throw off her sex’s amiability, and pledge herself to instil into the minds of her offspring, principles that the most uncivilised, the most ferocious savage would be ashamed of?—Are these the boasted principles of the Radicals?—Oh! just heaven! transport me to the deserts!—to no other society but that of bears and wolves!—or deprive me of existence at once, rather than compel me to associate with monsters so degenerate!”

After Ionic had concluded his declamation, he very politely took leave of the Donna, wishing she might succeed in reclaiming her lost lord, whose faculties, he doubted, were subsiding into insanity;—and on quitting the room, he strongly recommended to her, (should the Don’s symptoms increase) to place him at once in St. Luke’s, where, by a little proper discipline, he might recover his lost reason.

“Afore heaven!” exclaimed Dwarfino, “when I am a ruler of the realm, I’ll compel that architect fellow to build a bedlam for himself, and for all maniacs of his stamp.”—“And for all petticoat politicians, I hope,” said the Donna.—Blackibo made no reply, and they retired to rest.

CHAP. VIII.

*Departure for the Capital—The Donna's horrible Dream
Arrival at Kingston.*

THE Don being anxious to reach the metropolis without delay, (expecting to find despatches from the radical generals, *Sangrado*, *Trulliber*, *Orator Hunto*, and other officers of the army of *Chimericals*) mounted his velocimanipede at sunrise, and started at a brisk rate for the capital.—The pleasure of his journey was, however, not a little damped by the Donna relating to him a dream she had dreamt at Guildford.

The Donna's Dream.

"My dear Don," said she, "I fear some dire misfortune is hanging o'er your head,—I dreamt a dream last night—Oh! a most horrid dream, concerning you!" "Aye, indeed; what was your dream?" inquired the Don.

"Methought," replied the Donna, "that through scenes of the most atrocious barbarity, tyranny, bloodshed, and plunder, *you* and your colleagues had arrived at your wished-for power; and that I had become possessed of the *Chateau d'Arundel*."—"Well, wench," said the Don, "and is not that a *good dream*?"—"Ah! no," continued the Donna, "I fear it is ominous of our family's destruction:—But hear me.—Methought that my grandeur, and new condition, sat most uneasily upon me, when I reflected that we had dispossessed, of their hereditary domain, an ancient and most worthy family, whose only crime was that of

being *noble*.—'Twas *here* I hoped to find a paradise ; but, alas ! *here* commenced my misery. Every succeeding day brought me tidings of new atrocities, committed by those hypocritical wretches, calling themselves Radical Reformers. —Oh ! Don ! Don ! the horror of my dream is indescribable. Methought I saw ferocious and unrelenting ruffians, empaling on their pikes imploring infants, whose cherub looks and piteous supplications would have softened the hearts of the most obdurate savages.—Methought I saw their parents butchered before their eyes, for no other cause than that of being amiable and opulent.—Methought that fraud, barbarity, rapine, plunder, assassination, and slaughter, found friends, and were extolled ; and that religion, humanity, honesty, integrity, and every other virtue, were despised and immolated.—Methought that the wretches who had so often avowed themselves to be their country's patriots, were its plunderers and its executioners.—Methought that its prince, its nobility, its gentry, and its industrious tradesmen, disgusted with its baseness and its crimes, had fled to foreign climes, with all their moveable property they could collect.—Methought that the dissensions and quarrels of the Radicals, caused the deaths of thousands daily.—Methought that the population of this island, once so happy, was reduced to half its number ; and that all the good were gone, and all the bad were left behind.—Methought that by the mismanagement of its government, with yourself at its head, its revenue failed of supplying the necessary resources ; its army and navy (once the pride of our island, and the wonder of the world) became weakened, paralysed, and totally ineffective ; and the heretofore powerful, exalted, and happy Albion, fell an easy prey to foreign foes, who

partitioned it out amongst the conquerors; who threw its radical reformers, and its deluded journeymen mechanics, and manufacturers, into the most abject slavery; who had Chevalier C. W. shot in his own park; and *you*, O Don! hanged at your own door!—Let me, therefore, oh! let me beg of you, my dear Don, to pursue your dangerous course no further—correct your politics ere it is too late;—repent—reform *yourself*: acknowledge to your credulous partizans, that you'll impose upon them no longer; and that you have declined the trade of delusion. Do this, my beloved Don, and we may still be happy.”—“Tut! methinks thou'rt dreaming still, wench,” replied Dwarfino. “No, no,—I have set my life upon a cast, and will stand the hazard of the die.”—During this conversation they passed through Godstone, Esher, and arrived at Kingston.

The Donna here took a postchaise, and crossing the country, proceeded to her villa at Croydon; and our hero, with Seditio, mounted the velocimanipede, and made the best of their way to the capital.

CHAP. IX.

The Don sets out for his Villa—A droll Adventure on the Road—Seditiono's Reflections concerning the Adventure—The Don arrives at his Villa—Droll Arrangement of his Pictures—Conclusion of the Penny Subscription.

THE next morning our hero mounted his poney, and, attended by his faithful 'Squire, on an ass, with the subscription bag, he set out for his villa near Croydon, for the purpose of spending a day or two with his Donna, and of taking an inventory, and re-arranging the handsome furniture presented to him by his patron, the celebrated Chevalier Wolseleyo.*—As the Don was passing a cottage, not far from his villa, his attention was attracted by a terrible din, occasioned by a woman and some children, who were rattling and drumming on fryingpans and saucepans, for the purpose of collecting a swarm of bees; which swarm, unfortunately for Dwarfino, settled upon the head of his poney, and so much alarmed the animal, that it kicked up its heels, and threw our august equestrian (up to his neck) into a muddy ditch.—Seditiono immediately dismounted his ass, and with difficulty dragged out his master by the ears; when the Don in a passion exclaimed, "Hey! how's this? What the devil is all this *noise and riot* about?"—The dame of the cottage, who knew Dwarfino, and had heard of

* It is well known that Sir C. Wolseley presented Wooler with the furniture of his house, at Croydon.

his intended Salique Law, replied, "Most noble Don, my bees, which have been the cause of your accident, have *swarmed*; and on my conscience," continued she, "methinks they *smelt your approach*; for you know, Signior, they are a nation that have never been *innovators*, they are admirers of monarchy—from time immemorial, they have been attached to *petticoat government*—have always been *true to their sovereign*, and have ever had an aversion to *democrats* and *radical reformers*."—"Tut! Tut! The woman's a fool! She's mad!" exclaimed the Don—"follow me, Seditio—let's hasten home."

Our Duo now rode on; but the Don's *filthy appearance* caused him to be ridiculed and hooted at, by children and clowns, as he passed along; which induced Seditio to observe,—“Ah! most noble master! In this instance it is with *you* as it frequently is with his Majesty's ministers.”—“And how's that, pray?” said Dwarfino.—Seditio replied—“'Tis thus—*Men of the nicest understanding; of the strongest intellect, of the greatest ability, and of the soundest honor, may, by accident, become the laughing stock of children and fools.*”

The Don now arrived at his villa, and, after changing his dress, and paying his respects to the Donna, he ordered Seditio to bring him the inventory-book, and to write therein the names of the various pictures presented to him by the Chevalier Wolseleyo.—“Now to commence,” said the Don.—“Write, *Drawing Room, Picture, No 1.*

King Solomon—but stay—Solomon was an *inveterate enemy to democrats*.—I'll have King Solomon *deposed*.—“That's right master,” said Seditio—“let me take him down—and, as the King's successor—as a *SECOND SOLO-*

MON, suppose we *hang up Pietro Porcupino*?—The Don nodded assent, and continued,—

Now write *No. 2*,—*Chevalier Wolseleyo*—*Wolseleyo Park*.—County, Stafford.—Ancestor of the present family—an eminent and distinguished personage in the time of the Commonwealth—a renowned radical reformer, and a man (like his present illustrious descendant) *calculated to illumine the world*.”—“Odd rabbit it,” said Seditio. —“I’m but a poor hand at spelling hard words. Suppose I write, *calculated to set the world on fire*?”—“audacious democrat!” exclaimed Dwarfino—“write what I have dictated.”—“Well—there then—I have written it,” answered Seditio.—

“Now,” continued the Don, write *Nos. 3, 4, and 5*.—*Thomas Paine, Guillione Pitt, and Voltaire*.”—“Aye,” replied Seditio.—“*Guillione Pitt in the middle*.—This groupe reminds me of an *anecdote* I have frequently heard—and that is—*Our Saviour was crucified between two thieves; but till now I never knew who they were*. The Don scowled a reproachful frown, and continued,—

“Now write—*No. 6*,—*Rubens’s Descent from the Cross, a Copy, by Philipso*. The original of this picture was borrowed from the Cathedral at Antwerp, by *Napolion the Great*, and placed in the Louvre of the Gallican Capital.*” Seditio, not possessing memory sufficient to retain a sentence so long, wrote on—“*the original of this Picture was STOLEN from the Cathedral at Antwerp, by Napoleon the GREAT THIEF, and*”—“Hold!” said the Don, looking at

* This picture, which the author saw first at Antwerp, and afterwards in the Gallery of the Louvre, is now restored to its original situation.

what his 'squire had written, "what the devil are you about? But no matter—now I think on't, I'll have this picture removed to the lumber-room, and (in compliment to my friend Carlileo) replaced by *Iudas Iscariot*."

"By the MASS, 'tis a bright thought, most noble Don!" exclaimed Seditiono, "And, to make up a *rationally arranged groupe*, suppose you hang yourself *on one side*, of Iudas, and Carlileo *on the other*?"

Here the Donna, who was looking on, interfered, and said, "O, no, my dear Don,—I will admit of no such *groupe*: It would continually remind me of the *thirty pieces of silver*, and the *Potter's Field*."—"Tut! Tut! Wench," replied Dwarfino, "Thinks't thou I would *betray my patron*?—and yet," continued he, *pausing*.—"there is no knowing: Lucre is a seducing devil; and excites a man to act strangely at times—and perhaps a lucrative offer, *from a certain quarter*, might induce even the *never-wavering* Don Blackibo Dwarfino to prefer the *lambs* of the treasury, and their *mint sauce*, to all the presents of the worthy Chevalier.—At this instant a messenger arrived, with a small sum from the penny subscription committee of Croydon. The Don now called for the subscription folio, and sat down to complete his mighty account the sum total of which, like Orator Huntos*, fell so far short of his expectations, that, with on oath, he closed the book—swore that *his friend Apollyon had deceived him*, and declared that he would proceed in it no further: he therefore ordered Seditiono to burn the subscription bag and box; and thus ended Don Blackibo's *unavailing expedition*, in quest of the *penny subscription*.

* At the Smithfield meeting, Orator Hunt declared that the penny subscription, collected on his account, amounted to no more than four pounds, fourteen shillings and sixpence.

CHAP. X.

The Don and Seditio set out on a Radical Reforming Excursion to the North—Curious Adventures at Preston, at Dewsbury, at York, at Norwich, and at Leeds—Conclusion.

WHILST our hero was making various alterations and improvements at his villa, he received a pressing invitation from the Lancasterian Thalestris, and several other female radicals, begging him to make his august appearance (for the good of the noble cause) in the centre of the Lancasterian province.

This invitation our gallant Don, of course, accepted, and immediately set out, with his trusty Seditio, for the purpose of gratifying the wishes of the amiable amazons.—Nothing particular occurred to attract the attention of our renowned travellers, until they arrived at the pleasantly situated and beautiful town of Preston. Here, at the Bull Inn, they bespoke their quarters for the night; and, it being market-day, they afterwards took a stroll into the market, for the purpose of *reconnoitring* among the Prestonians and the farmers.—“Oons!” exclaimed the Don, after discriminating a little, “if the open and comely countenances of these men, and the angelic features of these women, are indexes of contentment and amiability, I prognosticate that we shall make no proselytes in *this* town.”—Our travellers now perambulated the streets, and made several attempts to radicalize some of the poorest mechanics and labourers of Preston, but without effect. In Churchgate, the Don met a

clergyman, mounted on a valuable horse, whom he was resolved (as he expressed himself to Seditio) to shame out of his ostentation.—“Well, reverend sir,” said he, “I perceive you ride an excellent nag there; but, methinks, it would more become you to imitate the humility of your Master, who, you know, was content to journey on an ass.”—“True, friend,” replied the divine; “but unfortunately the asses are all turned *radicals*, and are gone to a *meeting at Blackburn* to-day.”—“Come along, come along, Seditio!” peevishly exclaimed our hero, “I foresee we shall make nothing of these Preston gentry.”—They now hastened to their inn, and regaled themselves with an excellent dinner.—The dinner over, Blackibo left his ’Squire to arrange some papers, and proceeded himself to the public coffee-room, where a number of opulent town’s gentlemen were assembled to converse on politics, and on the business of the day. Here Dwarfino, with all the sophistry he was master of, endeavoured to gain proselytes to the radical reform cause; but here again he totally failed; and at the conclusion of a prosing speech, which had the effect of lulling some of the company to sleep, the waiter entered with a packet directed to the most sapient and renowned Don Blackibo Dwarfino—the Don received it with a smile, and exclaimed, “Ha! ’tis, no doubt, from my amiable *lady colleagues!*”—“Read it! read it!” exclaimed the company—“With all my heart,” replied the polite Don. “Attend, gentlemen,”—and he began reading as follows:—“Most noble Don Blackibo Dwarfino, having formerly “been one of your most intimate associates, and knowing “your readiness to assist the oppressed subjects of Albiono, “I am positive you will put the enclosed petition for me

“ into the hands of some celebrated radical reforming M. P.
“ who no doubt will, like a true patriot, courageously plead
“ the cause of an oppressed individual, who is condemned
“ to be banished to a part of the world called Botany Bay,
“ by a certain despotic person, calling himself a Judge,
“ aided and abetted by certain other unfeeling persons
“ called a Jury, for merely labouring in his *vocation*, in the
“ streets, and on the king’s highway, and procuring an honourable subsistence, *by hook or by crook*.”—Here the worthy mayor interrupted our hero—congratulated him on the respectability of his acquaintance, and observed, that if the Radicals were to prove triumphant, we might most undoubtedly expect to be justly and honourably governed by them.—“ Nay, how could it be otherwise,” continued the observant magistrate, “ when we find their leaders possessing such amiable connexions as this immaculate *by hook and by crook* correspondent of the sapient Don’s?”—At this instant the landlord came bustling into the room, and informed Dwarfino that a person was at the door, who had arrived express from a gentleman of Tardy Yate, and who begged an audience of him. Our hero ordered the stranger to be admitted, and was informed by him that he was a messenger from William Whittle, who was deputed by a society of radical reforming ladies, to convene a meeting at twelve o’clock on the morrow, at Tardy Yate, and the Don’s attendance was particularly solicited at that hour.

The next morning our gallant Don, and Seditiono, got into a post-chaise, and proceeded with all possible speed to Tardy Yate, but found—*not a soul stirring*—the Don expressed his surprise at the circumstance ; and meeting a peasant of the neighbourhood, he gave him a trifle to con-

duct him to the residence of William Whittle. On arriving at the spot, the peasant said, "This is the residence of William Whittle.—"Which?" demanded the Don, not seeing house or habitation, "Which? I mean the residence of William Whittle, the *radical reformer*."—"Ho!" said the peasant, "I suppose that be a *new name* for a *murderer*; for some sixty years ago, William Whittle murdered his poor wife and his three innocent children; and *there*," continued he, pointing to a time-worn frame of wood-work—"there be the remains of his *gibbet*."—"The devil take the gibbet and *you*, you clown, and the Prestonians, and William Whittle into the bargain," exclaimed the enraged Dwarfino; and at this instant a tremendous clap of thunder burst o'er his head, which caused Seditio to tremble, and had the effect of making our hero doubtful whether he was acting right or wrong in his present political proceedings; nay, he even imagined that he heard a voice exclaim, "Dwarfino! Dwarfino! Britannia bids thee beware—why persecutest thou me?—Remember the fate of Wat. Tyler and of Jack Cade—Remember, I say!"—These ideas were too appalling, even to the strong-nerved Don; and he therefore, with a countenance pale as a ghost, ordered the post-boy to drive him back to Preston.

Whilst the Don had gone on his excursion to Tardy Yate, a number of roguish young ladies contrived to acquaint their friends, of both sexes, that by way of hoax, they had, in the name of the Lancasterian Thalestris, invited the gallant Don from his villa, near Croydon, to pay a visit to Preston; and that, to continue the hoax, they had sent him to pay his respects to the gibbet of William Whittle. This intelligence flew through the town like wild-fire; and, in conse-

quence, a posse of the inhabitants assembled near the inn, to witness our hero's embarrassment on his return; and on his appearance before the gate of the inn, the gallant Dwarfino was greeted with the flattering acclamations of "Success to the Mayor of Garratt! Success to the illustrious successor of Sir Geoffrey Dunstan and Sir Harry Dimsdale! Huzza!"—The Don, however, affected a modesty, which all great men are in the habit of affecting on such occasions,—that is, in order to avoid the unpleasant attention of an applauding crowd—he immediately ordered out his luggage, and a fresh pair of horses, and bade adieu to the Lancashire witches, for the purpose of visiting the renowned city of York.—On passing through Blackburn, however, he recollected that this was the town in which the Lancasterian Thalestris resided; and he therefore resolved to pay his respects to her. On entering her habitation, he found our celebrated Amazon in one of the most amiable acts of conjugal domesticity, namely, *that of beating her husband*, who, it seems, had become jealous of his worthy rib, on account of the attentions paid her by Trulliber Harrisono, and other radical reforming demagogues.—The Don secretly rejoiced on witnessing this scene, as it convinced him that the noble sentiments of his Dwarf were attended to, and that *reform* was making a rapid progress among the female radicals; he therefore begged of dame Alice's husband, to consider the chastisement he had just received, as a proof only of the amiable amazon's affection for him, and of her anxiety to promote his welfare in the world.—"True, most noble Don," replied the happy husband, "I consider it as a mere *trifle of matron-like affection*, in com-

parison to the *blessings* we may *expect* to enjoy under their auspices of *radical reformation*.

Our travellers now journeyed on through Burnley and Halifax to Dewsbury, at the principal inn of which our hero again encountered the Egyptian magician, and he again resolved to take another peep into his wonderful apparatus. The seer arranged our travellers for their peep, and thus commenced his magical lecture—"There, signiors, you behold at one view the whole of Albiono, as you may expect to find it when its radical reformers have effected their purpose."—"What are those mobs about," demanded the Don, "which I perceive yonder, in various counties?"—"Those are multitudes of Radicals," replied the seer, "who have been excited by your seditious writers—by the irritable harangues and declamations of your street and tavern orators, and your inexperienced and uninformed senators, to plot against the state:—they have become so powerful as to effect a revolution, and are now in the act of plundering the country mansions, and dividing the lands of Signiors Lambtono, Cam Hobho, Broughamo, of Don Blackibo Dwarfino, of Chevaliers Burdetto, Wolseleyo, and others."—"Glorious work! *Ca-ira!*" exclaimed Seditiono.—"And what man is that," said the Don, "who appears to be expostulating with the mob, in the north yonder?"—"That is Dwarfino," replied the magician—"he is attempting to stop the ravages of that mob, and in his usual strain of sophistry is appealing to their *good sense*, and exerting himself to convince them, that although their late radical reforming senators are now become their ministers and their rulers, yet they are the people's best friends, and consequently their

persons and their property ought to be respected.”—“Respected! Tut! Nonsense!” the mob are exclaiming—“We are the pupils of those friends—they have taught us to despise, and hold up to ridicule and contempt *all rulers*; and, as we are now become more powerful than our tutors, they can of course have no objection to witness the *glorious effects* of their tutorage.”—“That’s enough—quite enough, good seer,” replied our hero, and he instantly retired to bed. In the morning as soon as Seditio had awoke the noble Don, he informed his ’squire, with a smile, that he quickly expected propitious tidings concerning the radicals, as he had just dreamt of the devil.—“Bravo! I congratulate you, most sapient master!” exclaimed Seditio, “for *our* affairs are sure to prosper, when we have communication with *that personage*.”

Our travellers now recommenced their journey, and on the same evening arrived at the renowned city of York. Here our hero attended a meeting of radicals, in the castle yard, where a comical orator entered the crowd, and with a face as long as the twenty first of June, exclaimed, “Oh! unhappy Albion! that I should ever live to see thy men of rank and opulence suffer themselves to be duped into presiding at meetings, which in the end may have the effect of rearing a monster to devour them!—Oh! my poor country; that thy party nobility, and thy party gentry, should tamely and unwittingly submit to see thee agitated and insulted, not by the *really poor*, and the *truly suffering* subjects of our land, who have just cause for complaint; but by wretches, who like mites in cheese (and equally as insignificant) would *destroy* the fabric in which they are *unworthily cherished*!”—“Hear him! Kick him out! Kick

him out!" was now vociferated through the crowd, and the comical long-faced orator was compelled to effect a rapid retreat. After the meeting our hero returned to his inn, and received a deputation from a society of radical cobblers, with an address of thanks for his benevolent intent of ordering *no shoes to be worn*, and of reducing the nation to its *pristine state*—the address, however, concluded with most respectfully soliciting that the craft might be informed in what manner they were to *subsist* in their *pristine state*.—"Gluttons!" exclaimed Dwarfino; and in the words of Father Paul, he continued—"If you're adry, are there not the pure crystal streams to assuage your thirst? and if you're a hungry are there not the wholesome roots of the earth to satisfy your enormous appetites?"—The ass delights to browse on thistles; and in what are cobblers better than asses?—Listen then—attend, my worthy friends—when *shoes are no longer worn*, you must be *banyans*, and abstain from animal food, and strong beer, and strong liquors, and you must browse like asses,—you'll then be easy, idle, and happy, and sing praises to the projectors of radical reform for having altered your condition."

The worthy cobblers politely thanked our hero for his advice, and on retiring, one of them exclaimed, "Come along fellow-craftsmen, we had best stick to our leather and our lapstones, and our beef and our beer, and leave it to the Don and Pietro Porcupino to *cripple the excise*, and to *live—like asses*."*

The next morning Dwarfino and his squire proceeded to the ancient and renowned city of Norwich, where our hero

* Cobbett, Hunt, and Wooler have recommended the disuse of all exciseable articles of sustenance.

attended a party meeting, which had been convened for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of addressing the Prince of Albiono concerning some unfortunate circumstances which had occurred at Manchester.

The business of the meeting being concluded, our hero returned to his tavern to dinner; and as soon as the cloth was drawn, Seditio introduced into the room a deputation from a society of radical barbers, who presented themselves before the Don with an address of thanks for his exertions respecting the *salique law*.—The preamble of the address stated, that the poor tonsors were suffering under a most tyrannical and arbitrary *petticoat government*.—Ere the reading of the address was concluded, however, and whilst the Don was considering an appropriate reply, his ears were assailed by the clamour of a posse of women, who were approaching the tavern, and threatening vengeance.—The panic-struck barbers now recognised the well-known voices of their offended dames, and were about to hide themselves under the tables, when the enraged ladies rushed into the room, bearing in their hands rods and whips, and immediately commenced an irresistible attack upon the henpecked barbers, who effected their escape in the best manner possible—some out at the windows, and the rest out at the door.—The dames now turned all their fury upon the Don—they seized him—tore down his culottes, and laying him flat on the table, a few of them held him down, whilst the rest belaboured his posteriors until he cried *pecavi*, and roared out most lustily for his trusty Seditio; when he was fortunately rescued from further flagellation by the entrance of his 'Squire and some wags of the city.—These wags of citizens (who had heard of the radical re-

forming barbers' address, and who had given notice of it to the ladies of the deputies) enjoyed, in the highest degree, Dwarfino's embarrassment; and Blackibo, vexed, ashamed, and smarting from the scourges he had just received, rushed out of the room, and immediately set out (with his 'Squire) for the capital, where, after a *mentally and fundamentally* painful journey, he arrived the following day.—About this time, however, a dissolution of the senate was proclaimed; and, in consequence, the Don, the Spafield's Orator, and Pietro Porcupino, journeyed northwards, for the purpose of offering themselves as candidates for the boroughs of Hull, and Preston, and the renowned city of Coventry. The only benefit, however, that these sapient and celebrated personages derived from their electioneering experiments was, a thorough conviction that the majority of the freemen, at the aforementioned places, were not such deluded blockheads as this radical reforming trio had imagined them to be.—The Spafield's Orator, in getting himself introduced to the Prestonians by the *Cobbler of Preston*, made but a *cobbling job of it*. Pietro Porcupino retired discomfited and disgraced from Coventry, vociferating abuses against the burgesses, and swearing that Lady Godiva, of old, had acted most injudiciously in exposing her pretty person, for the benefit of such uncourteous persons as the present Warwickshire citizens, who (notwithstanding *his* knowledge and *his* experience*) had flogged him in

* In circular letters to seventy gentlemen, soliciting from each 10l. as a subscription, (to defray the expences of his getting elected for Coventry) Cobbet palms himself on *his* knowledge and *his* experience, and considers himself, *were he in parliament*, as the only man capable of saving his country.

effigy at the Knaves' Post; had rejected him as their representative, and had hooted him out of their city.—The renowned Don Blackibo Dwarfino retreated from the contest at Hull, after having experienced only disappointment and defeat.

Our hero now bent his course towards the ancient and renowned town of Leeds, for the purpose of paying his respects to a distinguished society of Lady Radicals, composed of Donna Furiosa, Donna Immorala, Donna Infidela, Donna Incontinenta, Donna Vixena, Donna Devastata, and several other celebrated, amiable, well-disposed, modest, meek-eyed, radical reforming Donnas, who were natives of the place.—Here too, to the Don's great joy, had recently arrived, the Lancasterian Thalestris, from Blackburn; Donna Rapina, Donna Sanguina, Donna Malevolenta, Donna Deista, Donna Atheista, and Donna Desolata, from Manchester, and its environs; Donna Libela, Donna Brazena, Donna Depopulata, Donna Desolata, and Donna Subverta, from Stockport.

Our hero, on being introduced to the radical reforming Donnas of Leeds, found them in loud debate concerning a golden present, which was to be immediately manufactured, and sent by deputation to their beloved Spafield's Orator.—Donna Vixena recommended that the present should be a tobacco-box, or a snuff-box, or a punch-ladle, or a wine-cup;—here a terrible hubbub commenced, and all were immediately in arms against Donna Vixena, declaring her unworthy the name of *Radical*, as it was evident she was an encourager of the Excise,—Donna Incontinenta now rose, and in a most eloquent speech extolled the Spafield's hero to the skies—she dilated on the beauties of his athletic

limbs—his gentleman-like deportment, his audacious lady-alluring countenance, and his brawny back; and, in the warmest terms, she expressed her adoration of the god-like man for the superiority of his ingenuity—his genius, she contended, had recently shone forth to the astonishment of the nation, and the terror of its aristocracy. “Bravo! bravo!” was vociferated through the assembly, and the Don joined in the applause.—Donna Incontinenta now insinuated that the kind approval of her amiable colleagues had so sensibly effected her, as to put her to the blush: “True,” replied Malevolenta, “observe how sensibly the Donna is effected! What amiable modesty! She blushes assuredly; but ’tis the blush of a snow-ball.”—Incontinenta now concluded her excellent oration, with adverting to the orator’s never-to-be-forgotten recent radical invention, and she, in consequence, recommended that the present to their Spaffield’s hero should be a golden frying-pan, for the purpose of preparing and roasting that superlatively wholesome and nutritious beverage, his *Radical Coffee*.—Donna Furiosa now got upon her legs, and, with a voice resembling a cracked speaking trumpet, exclaimed that she agreed with the last speaker on some points—for instance, she agreed with the Donna Incontinenta, as to the manliness of their hero’s make—the beauties of his athletic limbs—his gentleman-like deportment—his audacious lady-alluring visage, and his brawny back; but she must dissent from the Donna, respecting the golden present they were about to send him—She proposed, nay she insisted, that it should be a medal; on one side of which should be represented *Chaos* on horseback.—“Chaos on horseback, madam!” exclaimed the Don—“What d’ye mean by *Chaos* on horseback?”—

"I mean," replied Furioso, "the lady who bore the torch, and " 'led the way,' "

" 'To light him to his prey,

" 'And like another Helen

" 'Fir'd another Troy.' "

The reverse shall represent the Black Dwarf, wearing the *Cap of Liberty*, and bearing a pike, on which (as an emblem of our radical reforming triumph) shall be empaled, the writhing infant of a denounced royalist."—"Bravo! Ca-ira!" exclaimed the Don.—"Then," continued Furioso, "shall be seen, following the Black Dwarf, a group of nobles, gentry, farmers, and opulent tradesmen in chains; over which, on a scroll, shall be inscribed these words—" "*Our Liberty Regained.*"—"Bravo! Ca-ira!" exclaimed the assembly.—"Bravo!" exclaimed a voice without,— "Liberty in chains, and Innocence immolated!—O! the blessings of radical reform!"—This voice a little startled the Donnas; but our hero (conceiving it to proceed from his friend Apollyon) pacified the ladies, and the medal was agreed upon.

The Don now retired for the purpose of paying his respects to the Manchester and Stockport radical reforming Donnas, and, on arriving at the Inn where they sojourned, the hostess conducted him to their chamber. It had happened, however, that previous to our hero's arrival at the Inn, a quarrel had arisen among the amiable Amazons concerning who should carry down, and discharge the contents of a certain bed-chamber utensil; from words they preceeded to blows, when a battle-royal ensued, and in the conflict the chamber utensil was broken to atoms—its contents were scattered about the room, and the drapery of Donna Libela

was so tattered and torn as to leave her in a complete state of nudity: at this juncture Dwarfino and the hostess entered the chamber, when our modest hero, on perceiving the naked lady, immediately placed his hands before his eyes, and kept them in that position until Donna Libela was led to another apartment: this act of decency was highly commended by the ladies; nay, the Lancasterian Thalestris expressed her surprise at the Don having forborne even to peep through his fingers. The cause of the conflict, and of the demolition of the broken chamber utensil was now explained to the hostess, who exclaimed, "Ah! ladies! ladies! I predict that all your radical reforming projects will end in a similar manner; and that you will find yourselves contending about a thing of no more value than a broken jordan, or a bottle of smoke!"

The Don, after a little consultation with the ladies, politely took his leave, and promised to attend a meeting which they had convened to be held at twelve o'clock on the morrow.—At the hour appointed, our hero repaired to the market-place, where he found the Donnas already mounted on the hustings, and in the act of haranguing their audience, which consisted of fish-women, barrow-women, washer-women, char-women, ballad-singers, and other persons, male and female, of the same rank and respectability.

Donna Furiosa addressed herself to the women,—she bade them be of good cheer, and assured them that the period was fast approaching when liberty and radical reform would present us with a new era—when we shall be governed upon principles which have hitherto never been defined, and when we shall be restored to those *good old times*, of which none of our patriotic senators (not even the intel-

ligent Dons Lambtono, Broughamo, Cam Hobho, Chevaliers Burdetto, nor Wilsono) have given us the date.—“Huzza! Bravo, Donna Furiosa!” exclaimed the crowd—“Radical Reform and confusion for ever, huzza!”—At this instant a rumour got afloat that the local authorities were approaching, and all was now consternation.—In attempting to escape from the hustings, Donna Vixena’s petticoats caught in the railing, and she remained suspended until a polite chimney-sweeper, to prevent the exposure of her beauteous limbs to vulgar eyes, enveloped them in his soot-bag, and extricated her from her unpleasant situation.—The Lancasterian Thalestris was assisted from the hustings by an athletic man of colour, who bore her off a *pick-a-pack*, in a manner grotesquely triumphant.—Donna Incontinenta jumped astride upon the shoulders of our hero, who, in his fright, ran rapidly through the streets with her, to the no small entertainment of the *loyal* townspeople, who jocosely demanded, “Whither he was hurrying with his bundle of mischief?”—On the Ferrybridge side of the town our hero halted, and unloaded himself of his amiable burthen, congratulating her on having so fortunately got out of harm’s way. A laughing was now heard behind the hedge, and a voice exclaimed, “Well, Dwarfino—thou at length findest that thy radical reform scheme may be compared to one of those mathematical lines, that thou mayest draw nearer to another for all eternity, without a possibility of ever touching it.”—The Don cast his eyes around; but could not discover from whence the voice had issued; and he consequently concluded that his invisible friend, *the old one*, was now turning him into ridicule; he therefore took a polite leave of Donna Incontinenta, repaired to his inn, and im-

mediately got into a post-chaise, for the purpose of hastening homewards; and on arriving again in the capital, he exclaimed to Seditio, that it was *now evident their friend Apollyon* had totally deserted the noble cause of the Radicals: and here let us leave the gallant Don, to reflect on the *manifold benefits* he has himself derived from his radical reforming excursions, and on the *numerous blessings* they have occasioned to his *beloved* fellow-countrymen;—and, to conclude, *let rich and poor, high and low, of each party*, (for the sake of their peace, their safety, their liberty, and their lives) pray that all the radical reforming excursions of all the radical reforming demagogues, of these realms, may prove equally as *beneficial* to themselves, and as *instructive* to their partizans, as the *sapient*, the renowned Don Blackibo Dwarfino's have proved.

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